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# WORLD'S LARGEST SHIP . . .

The 83,673 ton **'Queen Elizabeth,'** the world's largest passenger liner, is 1,031 ft. in length and accommodates 2,250 passengers. On board are miles of promenade decks, a cinema, two swimming pools and many other amenities to make life pleasant.

When the 'Queen' docks on either side of the Atlantic, passengers will find everywhere prominently displayed Cinzano, product of the World's Largest Producers of Vermouth — yet another important addition to the pleasures of life.

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*Try* *Cinzano yourself — on its own or with gin. You'll enjoy its delicious extra quality.*

## WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF VERMOUTH

# CINZANO

**RED** *(Italian Sweet)* **WHITE** *(Italian Sweet)* **17/- bottle, 9/- ½-bottle**
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*Sole Importers:* **GIORDANO LTD., 24 CHARLOTTE STREET, LONDON, W.1**

*King in its own Realm*

*Well merited by its Quality Unsurpassed*

# "King George IV"

*Old Scotch Whisky*

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES AS FIXED BY THE SCOTCH WHISKY ASSOCIATION

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD EDINBURGH

*For special occasions*

# PLAYER'S Nº 3

The Quality Cigarette

[3P 114B]

# This is the Gin

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to the late King George VI

*Quality Incomparable*

# Gordon's

*Stands Supreme*

Maximum Prices

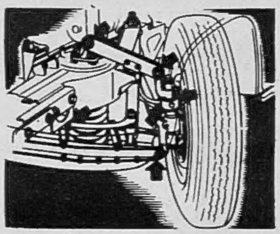
Per bottle 33/9. ½ bottle 17/7. ¼ bottle 9/2. Miniature 3/7. U.K. only

*By Appointment to the late King George VI*
*Manufacturers of Land-Rovers*
*The Rover Company Ltd.*

# Rover worth goes deep

Appearances are sometimes misleading—but in the case of the Rover Seventy-Five they are the outward signs of inward worth. Every smallest part echoes the excellence of the whole—in finish and function. Its behavour matches its looks, rewarding the owner with high performance, low upkeep and low depreciation.

**Grease-gun outmoded** *Rubber bushes and sealed bearings replace grease-gun nipples on the Rovei chassis, giving a clean, efficient self-lubricating system with little or no attention from the driver. Just one of the many features ihat contribute to Rover superiority.*



The
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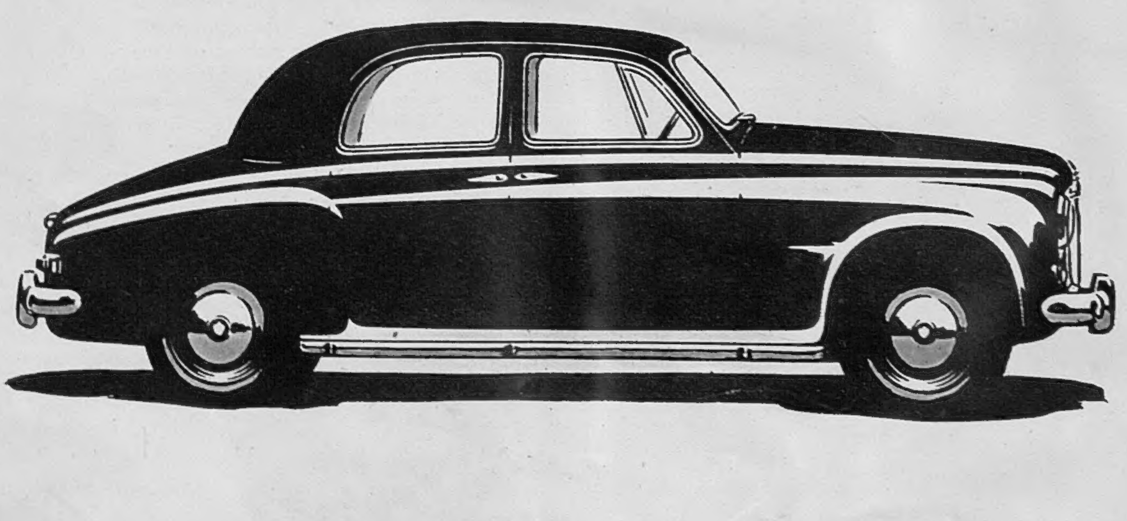
Seventy Five

ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS



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a 'Lady in Black' production

'*Coy*'. A classic afternoon dress in fine worsted georgette in Black or Navy at about 15 gns.

*Please write for name of your nearest stockist to Lady in Black Fashions Ltd., 24 Maddox Street, London, W.1*

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*By Appointment Makers of Weatherproof Clothing to the late King George VI*

## BURBERRY THREE-PIECE FOR SPRING

Top coat with Tuxedo front and voluminous skirt, to be worn with or without matching belt.

Coat and Costume in miniature dogs-tooth tweed with contrasting overcheck.

Also in a wide variety of Burscot and other delightful rich quality tweeds.

Hat and shoes by Burberry.

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**CLEANSE:** D.C.L. is the most revolutionary **Dandruff Control Lotion** ever—it works like a charm! Whirling surface-action makes embarrassing scruffy dandruff flakes repulsive to the scalp, and repellant to each other. Dandruff just disappears into thin air. See your scalp really come clean . . . that's the first important step for basic hair health. Fresh and free from clinging odours because **D.C.L. is a hair deodorant.** In Steiner scalp-touch plastic bottle 7/6 (the whole family should each have one.)

**NOURISH** *and set with non-greasy **Sebosyn**: 6/- and 10/- a jar.*
**GLAMOURISE** *with **Starmist** Eight fashion shades: 5/9 and 12/6.*

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CLEANSE — NOURISH — GLAMOURISE IS THE STEINER RULE FOR HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY

**my make-up needs no touch-up**

*Liquid Veil*

**stays perfect through the day**

Just a few drops and your skin is covered with a delicate glow of colour . . . leaving you with a satin smooth foundation which needs no constant powdering and looks so natural. You use so little of this wonderful new make-up yet it lasts so long.

Budget size 11/6d. Economy size 19/9d.

*There is a **Charles of the Ritz** Consultant permanently at your service in most good stores.*

**Charles of the Ritz**

33, BRUTON STREET, LONDON, W1

Restaurant Coat, short for short dresses yet full enough for full length—and of incomparable richness.

FREDERICK STARKE

designed it

***fabric by sekers**

* Rayon satin woven with wool

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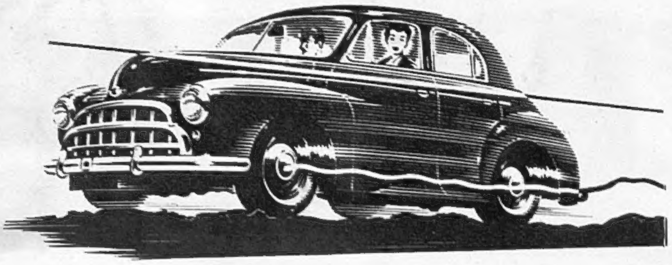
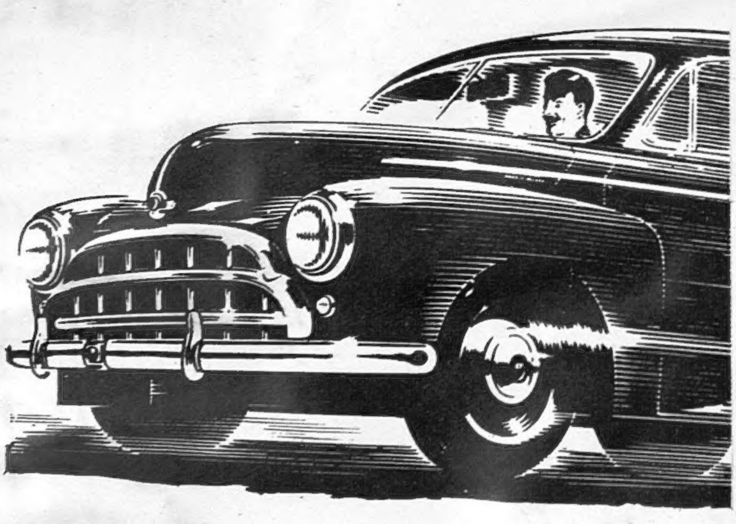


RIDE ON AN EVEN KEEL—
ON THE ROUGHEST ROAD

# You'll be glad you bought a MORRIS Oxford

Get to know this magnificent Morris Oxford. Experience the delight of its smooth-riding and controllability, made possible by torsion-bar suspension. Sense the feeling of spirited power when the highway invites speed. Then examine it for finish and styling. You'll discover it has "Quality First" in all its features. Ownership will prove that traditional Morris reliability is an investment in long-lasting value.



**MORRIS MINOR • MORRIS OXFORD**
**MORRIS SIX**

*MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD*
*Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1*

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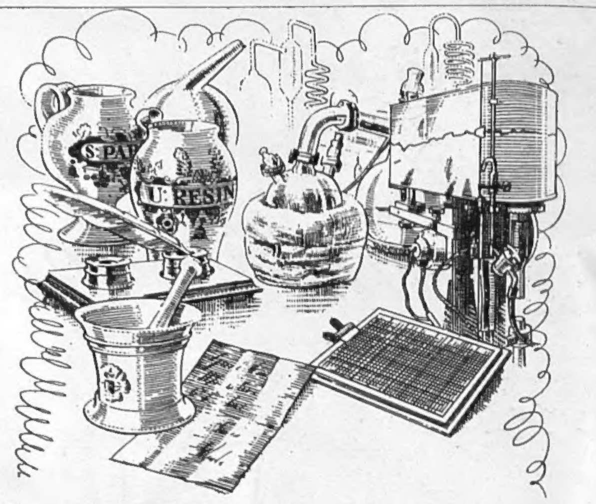

## But in this we shall not change

"...and I think, for my part, in medicine Quality is always the first Object." So wrote, in 1777, a former Head of this House.

Very different from his pharmacopoeia is the range, from Penicillin to bio-chemicals of the rarest sort, produced by our Laboratories today.

Yet in one thing we have never changed. Quality is always the first object in every Allen & Hanburys' preparation—whether designed for family use or for the medical profession, for giving health or saving life.

**ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.**

*(Established A.D. 1715)*

*For the Family:—*

ALLENBURYS FOODS · GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT PASTILLES · LIXEN
ACRIFLEX · ALLENBURYS DIET · HALIBORANGE

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

# CHANEL

# Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by

# Horrockses

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# Where Every Beautiful Hair Dressing Begins...

Every lovely coiffure owes its beauty to healthy hair; for, as all good hairdressers agree, hair that is healthy takes a permanent wave better, *keeps a permanent wave longer* and sets more easily and charmingly.

There is no better way of keeping the hair healthy than regular brushing with a Mason Pearson brush — the brush that *really* brushes.

With its slender spired tufts of nylon or black wild boar bristles, set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, the Mason Pearson penetrates right to the scalp. It stimulates, aerates, sweeps away dust and dandruff and lifts every disarranged strand into place, restoring the set to its proper formation.

*And remember, a Mason Pearson improves a permanent wave.* Ask at your chemist's, hairdresser's or stores.

**14/6**

16/11 AND OTHERS UP TO 55/-

*Interesting booklet, post free, from Mason Pearson Bros., 70, Piccadilly, London, W.1.*

# MASON PEARSON

London England

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. . . so topical . . . so timeless . . . so typically

# MARCUS

**"Studio"** The perfect all-day dress in finest worsted melange repp, from the Marcus Spring Collection. At leading Fashion Houses throughout the country.

W. & O. MARCUS LTD., LONDON, W.1 MEMBER OF THE LONDON MODEL HOUSE GROUP

"U. K. TEA CO.'S TEAS ARE ENJOYED BY MILLIONS."

# UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY

(LIMITED)

**Offices: 21, MINCING LANE, LONDON, E.C.**

TEA MERCHANTS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TEA MERCHANTS TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

DIRECTORS:

E. TETLEY, Esq. | J. E. TETLEY, Esq. | W. H. TETLEY, Esq. | J. LAYTON, Esq. | J. FISH, Esq., J.P.

ADVANTAGES.

1. The UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LIMITED, are the largest suppliers of Tea in the Kingdom, Direct to the Consumer, the Company's out-turn amounting to many Tons' weight of Tea daily.

2. The Directors save all the Profits of the "MIDDLEMEN," and give the Consumer the benefit of First-Hand Trading.

3. They guarantee the COMPANY'S TEAS to be absolutely PURE, and *the best that money can buy at the respective prices.*

4. They ask the Public to taste any one of the different kinds against those sold in the ordinary way at a **Shilling a pound more money**, and to judge for themselves.

## SUPERB TEA!

## DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO CONSUMER,

EFFECTING AN IMMENSE SAVING IN COST.

**1/- a lb.** of excellent quality.

**1/3 a lb.** Thoroughly good Tea.

**1/6 a lb.** Of great strength and fine quality.

**1/9 a lb.** The May pickings, covered with Bloom.

**2/- a lb.** Highly recommended as a most Delicious Tea

7-lb. Canister.

**DELIVERED ANYWHERE, CARRIAGE PAID.**

**Write for Samples and Book on Tea (sent post free); but, better still send a Trial Order: you will be surprised at the amazing value, and your future custom will be unfailingly secured.**

14-lb. Canister

### EXTRACT

from the CONSULAR REPORT (No. 1151) on TRADE and FINANCE in ITALY, presented by the Foreign Office to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Feb. 1893.

"The use of Tea is yearly increasing in Venice, the inferior qualities of Russian Teas sold by many Retailers at high prices cannot compare with the finest China, India, and Ceylon Teas, now supplied direct to consumers here at very moderate prices by the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, of London."

The above Official Testimonial needs no comment.

The United Kingdom Tea Company deliver their Teas anywhere on the Continent of Europe at Special Quotations, including Bonding, Packing, Shipping, Insurance, Foreign Duty and Carriage, Foreign Price-List, post free on application.

Customers have no trouble whatever beyond giving the Order; the Teas are Delivered at the respective Quotations absolutely free of any further charge.

20-lb. Canister.

**THOUSANDS OF PACKAGES SENT OUT DAILY!!**

**NO CHARGE FOR CANISTERS OR CHESTS.**

Half-Chest of 40 lb. or 65 lb.

PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS OF HOTELS, HOSPITALS, PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, CLUBS, MESSES, CANTEENS, SCHOOLS, ETC., WILL FIND IT IMMENSELY TO THEIR ADVANTAGE DEALING WITH THE **UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LONDON.**

Chest of 100 lb.

*All Packages invariably bear, as a guarantee of Quality, the Company's Registered Trade Mark, as above.*

*An advertisement from one of the very early issues of The Sketch in 1893.*

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1953

Photographed by Bassano.

VICTORIA, *by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India.*

Since 1893, when *The Sketch* first made its appearance on the London scene, we have recorded the words and deeds of the famous and the favoured, the witty and the wise, under six Sovereigns. In this our Diamond Jubilee issue, we turn back the pages to take a look at life as translated by *The Sketch* in that year of our inception, when the era of Queen Victoria, great-great-grandmother of our present Sovereign, was in its glorious heyday.

# By Toby O'Brien

Our Mr. Toby O'Brien

IN this Diamond Jubilee issue *THE SKETCH* is turning back the pages of history for sixty years. Throughout this number its contributors will carry our readers and themselves back to their fathers' day. Looking through the old bound volumes is a fascinating—and indeed, so much has the world changed in the lifetime of a man of sixty—a fantastic experience.

On February 1, 1893, *THE SKETCH*—" A Journal Of Fact And Actuality "—first saw the light of day. " We are free," wrote the Editor sixty years ago, " from that mere commercial prompting which would point with unctuous emphasis to the extent of our pages. But simply with a desire to register a fact which may have a certain interest for statisticians, we will confess that the first number of *THE SKETCH contains* 68 *pages* [our 1953 italics] and that the *normal quantity will be* 54." All this could be obtained for 6d. In that editorial headed " Our First Word," the Editor wrote that *THE SKETCH* did not intend to be modest about itself, for (with a foreshadowing of the Press Council) " Until the blessed day arrives when journalism shall be taken in hand by a committee of public beauty, and conducted for the delight and edification of all, and the aggrandisement of none, it will continue to be necessary for primitive man to carry out his own ideas without any exaggerated deference to his neighbours."

There were difficulties natural to any new magazine in the way of obtaining readership. " As we are debarred from kissing a selected body of feminine subscribers by the conventional etiquette of this island, we can only lay siege to them by strictly impersonal persuasion." Subsequent editors of *THE SKETCH* have been similarly hampered by the conventional etiquette of this island, but have been no less successful than their earliest forerunner. *THE SKETCH* then, as now, came out of the same stable as the *Illustrated London News*, and the writer of the article was at pains to discount the idea suggested that its appearance was " a deep-laid plot against the peace and complacency of the *Illustrated London News*." On the other hand, he made it clear that it was to be a very different type of publication, for " while our venerable parent pursues her stately flight down the broad avenues of public life, we shall hunt and illustrate that sudden and slippery worm, the public whim, in all its haunts."

Then, as now, the quality of the illustrations was to be one of its principal attractions—though the majority of them were pen-and-ink drawings. Mr. Linley Sambourne designed the original cover, and was apparently noted for his capacity to portray the

female form divine. Of him they wrote that "his fancy is devising a succession of gracious shapes, so that the man who buys *THE SKETCH* every week may form a perfect seraglio of sirens, without moulting a feather of his propriety."

£25 limits were, of course, never dreamt of in an age where only Tsarist Russia had passports, and the gold sovereign, or even an English gentleman's card, would take you all over the world. Nevertheless, had that gloomy restriction existed, all would have been well for those who went in the party of pilgrims got together by the Duke of Norfolk (father of the present Coronation-harassed Earl Marshal) to go to Rome. "He will take them there," *THE SKETCH* announced, "provide them with hotel accommodation for three weeks, and bring them back for the modest sum of 18 guineas."

In many respects the world has changed little. For "A good many people who were about to leave London for Egypt have been deterred by the recent trouble there, and are going to the Riviera instead. Lady Cromer's pleasant parties in Cairo were quite stopped at the time—a real misfortune, since the wife of the British Ambassador is so successful a hostess. Yet Cairo is very full, and Shepheard's Hotel has been shut to the casual visitor. It is said in London that the situation has now so much improved that Lady Cromer will open the Embassy for social functions at once." This optimistic view was backed by the view reported on another page that "Lord Cromer as Consul-General in Egypt may be expected to deal in a firm manner with the young Khedive."

## FANFARE AND APOLOGIA

**With this issue of *THE SKETCH* we proudly celebrate our Diamond Jubilee, for we were born on February 1, 1893. This complete issue is therefore being devoted to extracts and occasions from our very early issues, and it is only fair to remind readers that the technical quality of the illustrations throughout these pages will inevitably not be of the usual high standard to which they are accustomed, as perforce we have been compelled to reproduce at second-hand the pictures and drawings from the original printed copies of the magazine.**

Alas, that no one could write with such cheerful confidence about the present activities of the Foreign Office! Though the dollar gap was also a thing unknown, as we were still "the richest country in the world," American tariffs were as troublesome to our manufacturers in those days as they are to-day when we appeal for "trade not aid." President Grover Cleveland had just been elected, and *THE SKETCH* wrote a little sardonically about free traders who had been rejoicing at his election: "and are anticipating the downfall of the McKinley Tariff, will be interested to know that Mr. McKinley has lately taken to preaching. He is quite a favourite in the pulpit, as he has a good loud voice and illustrates Scripture by reference to John Stuart Mill and other economists. But the most hopeful sign is that his favourite topic is the doctrine of repentance. Will he practise as well as preach?"

Ibsen's plays were regarded as a daring experiment, but *THE SKETCH* was on the side of progress with regard to that dreary Scandinavian, whom "Beachcomber" not so long ago sent on an imaginary walk with Dostoievsky:

> *. . . across the steppes without a pause,*
> *They stumbled growing wearier,*
> *Those footling and colossal bores . . .*

*THE SKETCH*, however, found Ibsen very exciting: "So breathless was the interest," my friend John Trewin's early predecessor wrote, "that the traditional pin might have been heard to drop. It is always so with Dr. Ibsen's plays. Their intense psychological interest, their clear, incisive dialogue, their dramatic appositeness of situation, never fail to 'hold' an audience, who come to the trial, timidly apprehensive of impropriety—of boredom—of the difficulties presented to their comprehension by Dr. Ibsen's 'dreadful trick of symbolism'!"

There was a section for "The Juniors," with illustrated instructions on how to play "Blind Man's Buff," in which one horrid little cad is portrayed palpably pushing a little girl in front of him towards the "Blind Man" (could he possibly have been drawn from life—the dates are about right—and have been modelled from a future Chancellor of the Exchequer?). Politics played their part. There was an article on the coming session by a "Rash Radical," which was balanced by another on the same subject by a "Cautious Conservative." The point discussed by both these observers was whether Mr. Gladstone's last administration, which had existed for six months, could survive much longer. I have to record with distress that the "Cautious Conservative" was far less temperate in his language than the "Rash Radical"—his virulence with regard to Mr. Gladstone being of a nature which would be considered intolerable in our more mealy-mouthed age.

Mr. E. Burne-Jones, then much in vogue, was having an exhibition at the New Gallery, and several pages of his ethereal, if slightly unhealthy-looking, nudes in the story of Pygmalion, were reproduced.

There was, as ever, a crisis in Morocco, where the French were having trouble with the Sultan. The coming of the jet age was but scarcely perceptible in the Parisian letter which showed a picture of a balloon which was to replace Commander Renard's "navigable balloon called 'La France,' which when duly tried, was found to do only 16 English miles an hour with favourable winds, which was insufficient for practical purposes, of course." However, Commander Renard had evidently learnt many lessons in the intervening nine years, the results of which were "a navigable balloon called 'La General,' which he has every reason to believe will move at the rate of at least forty miles an hour." This was causing a stir among "all the scientific men at Paris naturally, who are looking forward to attending the trial, which will take place with the first favourable wind."

The advertisements were not without their own individual charm, and it is pleasant to record that many firms who advertised in *THE SKETCH* in 1893 still advertise with us to-day. Indeed, four of them have announcements in this Jubilee issue. I was particularly taken with the full page devoted to the virtues of Cherry Blossom perfume, toilet powder and soap. The advertising profession has moved forward perhaps a little since that day, for the picture is that of a nun, and the caption "Nun Nicer"—surely the most desperate pun in the history of advertising?

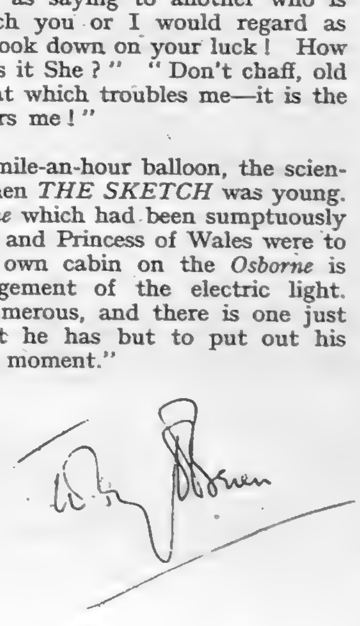
I do not think the great self-governing Dominions would appreciate accounts of their activities under such titles as "Echoes From the Colonies" (dealing with the proceedings in the Canadian Parliament), and "Letters from Colonial Cousins," dated from Sydney *two months before* (such were communications in those days), in which a lady who signed herself "Yours cheerily, Linda," announced that she was: "quite a 'dab' at boiling the 'billy' and think no tea like the 'billy' tea"—thus foreshadowing Waltzing Matilda.

A feature of those days was the drawing of the principal protagonists in famous trials. Thus the French, who were going through one of their usual unsavoury politico-financial brouhahas, provided material for the pen of *THE SKETCH* artist over the Panama scandal. In the "Hansard prosecution," the late Mr. Horatio Bottomley apparently got away with his first attempt at share-pushing. The indictment against him Sir Charles Russell had "summarised in non-technical language somewhat like this: That Bottomley fraudulently suppressed from the public, while soliciting subscriptions to the Company, the fact that he was the real vendor of the Company and the promoter as well . . ."

The short Edwardian overcoats, now so fashionable among the young, were evidently just going out of fashion, as a gentleman wearing one of them is portrayed as saying to another who is wearing the sort of overcoat which you or I would regard as normal: "Hullo, old chappie, you look down on your luck! How many monkeys have you lost—or is it She?" "Don't chaff, old boy," was the reply, "it is not that which troubles me—it is the cut of this dooced coat that bothers me!"

Still, as in the case of the forty-mile-an-hour balloon, the scientific age was with us in the days when *THE SKETCH* was young. The description of the yacht *Osborne* which had been sumptuously fitted for a cruise which the Prince and Princess of Wales were to make shows this: "The Prince's own cabin on the *Osborne* is remarkable for the curious arrangement of the electric light. Taps to turn this on are very numerous, and there is one just above the Prince's pillow, so that he has but to put out his hand to illuminate the cabin in a moment."

And so, with the daring modernism of those electrical taps, I leave you, safe in the hands of the Editor and his friends, to continue this "*recherche du temps perdu*" and to celebrate with us all at *THE SKETCH* our Diamond Jubilee.



# THE EARL OF DALKEITH married the HON. MARGARET BRIDGEMAN

"IT was a subject for congratulation that, though unable to be present at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on January 30, when his daughter the Hon. Margaret Bridgeman was married to the Earl of Dalkeith, the health of Viscount Newport had distinctly improved and admitted of Lady Newport attending the wedding. In the absence of her father, the bride was given away by her grandfather, the Earl of Bradford, and her bridesmaids were the Hons. Beatrice, Helena and Florence Bridgeman (her sisters), Ladies Katherine and Constance Scott (sisters of the bridegroom) and Lady Helen Kerr (cousin of the bridegroom). The bride, whose family boasts descent from the princes of South Wales, looked lovely in her simply made wedding dress of pearl-white satin embroidered in silver, the bodice being trimmed with a fichu of old point d'Alençon; her veil was of the same costly lace, and the only fault to be found with it was that it somewhat concealed her charming face from view. Her bouquet had been specially sent from Weston Park, and she wore some magnificent diamond ornaments.

"The bridesmaids' gowns were of white terry with artistic touches of pale-green velvet here and there; their picture hats, also of green velvet, were turned up with clusters of marguerites (a charming compliment to the bride's name) and heather—the Scotch badge; while the bridegroom presented them with bouquets of the same flowers, and diamond and pearl brooches.

"The Archbishop of York officiated and the fully choral service was exquisitely rendered. When the bride and bridegroom left later in the afternoon, for Broughton, Northamptonshire, Lady Dalkeith wore a very smart gown of vieux rose cloth, trimmed with undressed beaver, with hat and muff to match.

"The presents were numerous and magnificent—among them were a brooch of pearls and blue enamel, with a heart-centre of diamonds and pearls, from the Prince of Wales; a silver-gilt bowl from Prince and Princess Christian; a case of gold spoons from the Duke of Buccleuch; a beryl and jacinth bracelet, set in diamonds, from the bride's brothers and sisters, and a set of quaint silver spoons from the Countess of Clanwilliam. The bridegroom presented his bride with a diamond crescent, diamond bracelet, &c., and the tenants, employees and workmen on the various estates contributed handsome gifts.

"John Charles, Earl of Dalkeith, born March 30, 1864, is the son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy and is now Deputy Lieutenant for Midlothian and Dumfries. His mother was for some time Mistress of the Robes to Her Majesty the Queen, by whom she was always held in high esteem. The story of the family of Lord Dalkeith, the future ducal representative of the house of Scott, is in the earlier stages immediately bound up with the romance which clusters around the borderland.

The Earl of Dalkeith.

Lady Dalkeith (Hon. Margaret Bridgeman).

THE BOLD BUCCLEUCHS.

"The Scotts of Branxholm, the progenitors of the Buccleuchs, trace their origin to one Sir Richard le Scot, prominent in the reign of Alexander III. First of the Branxholms to bear the name of Buccleuch was Sir David, who sat in the Parliament of James III. as Dominus de Buccleuch. His grandson, Sir Walter, was Warden of the Western Marches of Scotland, and became a great power in the land. After an adventurous career during which he tried to rescue James V. from the clutches of the Earl of Angus and fought at Pinkie, he lost his life during a brawl in the streets of Edinburgh with his mortal enemies, the Kerrs of Cessford.

"A century later, his grandson was appointed Warden of the Western Marches and carried on the traditions of his race. The feuds he waged on his English neighbours resulted in his being delivered up as a hostage. It is said that, asked by Queen Elizabeth how he dared to engage in 'deeds so desperate presumptuous' as his raids on her subjects, he boldly replied: 'What is it that a *man* dares not do?' The Queen is said to have assured a lord-in-waiting, 'With ten thousand such men, our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe.'

"In 1606 he was created Lord Scott of Buccleuch. His military instinct took him to the Netherlands to fight for Maurice, Prince of Orange. His son followed his example abroad and was created Earl of Buccleuch. This 'good Earl Francis' left two daughters. The elder, Mary, married at the age of eleven a cadet of the clan Scott, aged fourteen. She died two years later and was succeeded by her sister Anne, who was considered the greatest heiress and the first woman of her time.

"At the age of twelve, she married James, Duke of Monmouth, and in 1673 the pair were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. The Duke's participation in the Rye House plot brought his execution two years later, on his defeat at Sedgemoor. The Duchess died in 1732, and some of the English titles forfeited by Monmouth were restored to her grandson Francis. The third Duke, Henry, brought further titles to the House of Buccleuch. He fell heir to the Dukedom of Queensberry, and his second son was created Baron Montague. He showed great interest in his clansman, Sir Walter Scott, for whom he got the Sheriffship of Selkirkshire in 1799. The fourth Duke later stood by Scott in his financial difficulties. Waverley revered Charles, his 'dear chief,' not as a duke, but as the head of a clan, the representative of the old knights of Branxholm."

**(From *THE SKETCH*, February 8, 1893.)**

"A FOUNTAIN
—J. W. Swynnerton."

Although in a lyrical tribute to the great beauty of form and accomplishment of "Mr. Swynnerton's Fountain," *The Sketch*'s art critic of 1893 wrote: "It is a novel and lovely idea to twine the human form thus beautifully in line, making a completion out of singly beautiful and organic construction," the fate of this noble work of art is a mystery. We know not where it lies, nor indeed if it was ever erected.

# POT-POURRI OF 1893

*Being extracts taken at random from the outpourings of our early contributors.*

"The old and the new have met together; Learning and Science have kissed each other. Oxford is illuminated with electric light. When first the streets were lighted thus, it was thought that the proctors in patrolling at night would be given an unfair advantage over the undergraduates. It is found, however, that the increased facility of 'spotting' persons at a distance cuts both ways, and really serves the pursued better than the pursuer, the latter being so much the easier to descry."

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"Monte Carlo prospers financially, but sinks socially. While last year's receipts were never exceeded, the names of well-known people were conspicuous by their absence. Rowdyism and rascaldom have ousted the well-to-do people who used to haunt the tables, and that in the long run is suicide. The concession granted to the Gambling Society by the late Prince Charles of Monte Carlo has, moreover, only twenty years to run."

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"Colonel Carrington, the popular Deputy Quarter-Master-General at Poona, is about to start on an expedition against the lions of Somaliland."

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"On one of our delicious English spring days last week, when a cold rain was pouring down, and Piccadilly was a sea of mud, I made my way to Hampden House to see the British lace that is going to Chicago. The most admired was the property of Mrs. Hailstone, whom I heard discoursing on her favourite subject to an ingenuous young lady—who exclaimed, on hearing that a certain piece was of Mrs. Hailstone's own manufacture, 'How charming! Is it very old?' I wonder whether that young lady has arrived at the conclusion that her exclamation was 'one of the things one would rather have left unsaid'?"

* * *

"Miss Marie Tempest, who has been touring the world, found a surprise waiting for her at New York the other week, in the shape of a beautiful chrysanthemum frozen in ice, and hermetically sealed in a can. A wealthy cattle raiser in New Zealand had sent it after her."

* * *

"It appears that some of the ladies who have taken up their quarters at Lambeth Workhouse do not indulge in snuff. An indignation meeting was held to clamour for the substitution of some other luxury in place of the nose-titillating powder for the benefit of the anti-tobacconists, and 'sweets' were duly selected. The lady who initiated and carried on this saccharine movement is said to be blessed with a quite exceptional absence of taciturnity, and when discussion was going on as to the particular 'sweet' to be selected, a witty but jealous fellow-lodger suggested 'stickjaw.' However, on being put to the vote, it was found that barley-sugar and peppermint drops were the favourites. The Guardians have arranged that a supply of these sweets shall be duly provided for the benefit of those who prefer them to powdered tobacco. Vulgarly speaking, these Guardians are 'up to snuff.'"

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"Sir Charles Mitchell left London for Natal on Thursday. If Natal had Home Rule, some people think it would pacify Pondoland in a week."

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"The Norwegian snow-shoe as a mode of locomotion is becoming popular. Dr. Nansen's adventures across Greenland in the snow-shoe may have given it a fillip. At any rate, the 'ski,' as the snow-shoe is called, has served some Austrian mountaineers so well that its success is assured."

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"John Strange Winter, with her 'No Crinoline League,' is not the only dress reformer prominent at this time. A Short-Skirt League has been started, with Lady Harberton as one of its provisional committee. Every member must wear walking dresses not less than five inches off the ground all round."

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"Shetland is plagued by dog-fish. It has been suggested that, as the British palate is not yet equal to dog-fish, while the Chinese is, an export industry might be opened up with China. 'Tis ponderous humour, this!"

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"An Indian boy and girl, aged respectively nine and six years, have been tried at the criminal sessions at Berhampur on the charge of bigamy. For three days the baby bigamists stood in the dock, but they were finally acquitted."

* * * *

"Russia has at least one happy city. This is Trubchevsk, in the Government of Orloff. The citizens of this town pay no taxes whatsoever. All city expenses are defrayed by the numerous properties which it holds. Nor is there even a city bank in that town, and when the question of establishing one was recently brought up it was defeated by a unanimous vote, the council pronouncing such an institution not only needless, but even dangerous."

* * * *

"Rajah Brooke is *en route* from Singapore to London. It is said he is not averse to the transference of British North Borneo to Sarawak."

* * * *

"'Tragic Death of Mr. Sherlock Holmes,' is a piece of literary intelligence which will come as a bereavement to the thousands who have month after month followed with breathless interest the exploits of Mr. Conan Doyle's hero. The fatal accident takes place in the *Strand*!"

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"Oh! Those South American republics. Nicaragua is in a state of civil war; a rebellion is anticipated at La Plata; and the Provincial Bank at Buenos Ayres has refused to submit to the national decree controlling its operations."

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"A marriage is arranged between Prince Scipion Borghese, of most excellent family, but with ruined fortunes, and Miss Vanderbilt, the American heiress, whose *dot* is £5,000,000 sterling."

* * * *

"Mr. Lockwood Kipling, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's father, has been so broken in health that he has been compelled to leave India, and try the effect of a six months' sea voyage. He will be much missed meanwhile, not only by the art world, in which he takes a prominent figure, but amongst men of letters, by whom he is known as the author of 'Beast and Man in India.'"

* * * *

"The King of Portugal had two rather alarming experiences last week. One man attempted to shoot him, and another attempted to enter the Royal carriage. Both were mad."

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## THE NEW COINAGE

*"Coins are essentially of the art history of a nation. They mark historic epochs, but not necessarily artistic eras, in a nation's history; but the new designs hold promise of real artistic integrity and are keenly anticipated by all."*

"It is only the other day that I listened to Dr. Nansen's interesting lecture on his projected visit to the North Pole, and before the 'Merry May' is a fortnight old, we shall be listening to Lieutenant Peary, of American fame, on the same subject, prior, also, to his expedition which is to start at the end of June."

* * *

"The reports that the King of the Gilbert Islands, the latest addition to the Empire, had, like the rebels in Hawaii, asked the United States for a Protectorate, are not so serious after all, for King Teiburmoa rules but two of the sixteen islands of the group. His Majesty, by the way, who scales 300 lb., lives in European style and keeps an American cook."

* * *

"To imprison and hang your explosive Anarchist seems to do little good. His 'comrades' will probably arrange to explode some harmless person in a distant country as a 'vengeance' for your tyrannous action. It is not, indeed, obvious how the wounding of certain Deputies and spectators in the French Chamber of Deputies can effectively revenge the execution of an Anarchist assassin in Spain; but certain persons seem to think so. Possibly, if Mr. Asquith continues to forbid the use of Trafalgar Square to the 'Commonweal' group or any other group, vengeance will be taken on him by the ingenious method of blowing up the Grand Lama of Tibet!"

* * * *

"It has become the habit of woman to be odd. Now she is to become an Oddfellow, for the Manchester Unity is to extend its membership to the sex."

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"Letter-boxes on tram-cars—what next? This experiment is being tried in Huddersfield. The cars are supplied with letter-boxes, where letters can be posted free of charge by passengers, while a non-passenger may on payment of a penny stop a car and post a letter. These boxes are found to be of great convenience to people living in the out-districts of the borough."

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"Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar has just completed the tenth year of her reign. She is the great-granddaughter of Rahety, sister of King Andrianampoinimerina, and is said to be intensely proud of her ancestry. She was born in 1861, and was appointed Queen by her predecessor. The Royal dynasty of Madagascar boasts blue blood and has been in power since 1700. Queen Ranavalona does everything in her power to keep up with civilization as she understands it."

* * * *

"The most expensive tennis court in the world has been built in Baltimore, Mr. Vanderbilt's place in North Carolina. It is constructed of white Tuckaboe marble, from which, the millionaire is happy to say, the Sub-Treasury in New York was made."

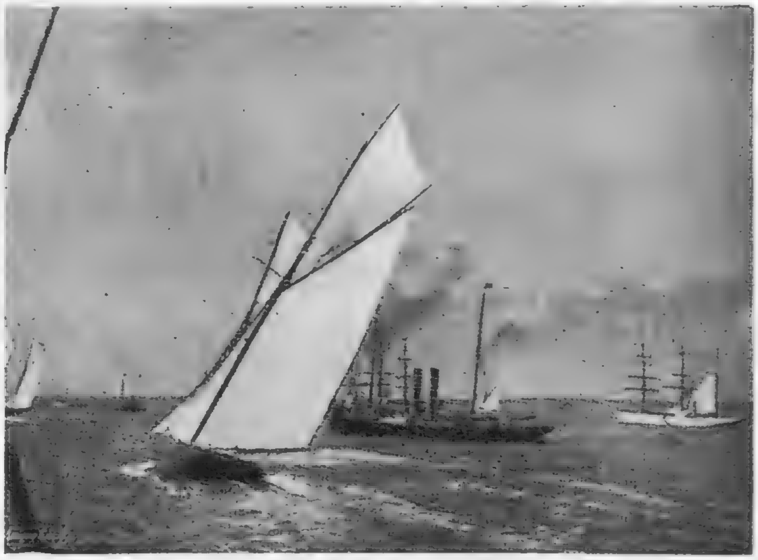
* * * *

"The Devil enjoys a laugh, but at others' expense, not his own, and, no doubt, felt injured that his prowess should at any time be held up to ridicule. Only a supposition of mine of course; still, Mr. Charles Brookfield's ugly fall just as he was in the act of taking off some of his Satanic Majesty's best Haymarket effects looked as if there had been a little spite from down below in the business!"

# "THE KAISER AT COWES: GREAT BRITAIN'S GUEST AND ALLY"

*"Specially photographed for* The Sketch *by Mr. J. Russell, of Baker Street, on board the* Hohenzollern*, August 6, 1893."*

"The bridge of the German Emperor's yacht."



"A yacht race in progress."

"Plenty for the spectators to see."

THE COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY

Isabel Maude Penrice, daughter of John George Bilton, of Charlton, Kent, and the mother of Richard Frederick John Donough le Poer Trench, the sixth and present Earl of Clancarty, as she was when photographed in 1893.

MISS HOPE TEMPLE.

MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

MISS HAROLD.

MISS TAYLOR.

# "TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY"

It is interesting to note in this connection that in recent issues of *The Sketch* we have been publishing a series of portraits under the heading of *Youth and Beauty* taken at the present-day Bassano studios.

*"By Mr. A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W."*

# THE SOCIAL SCEN

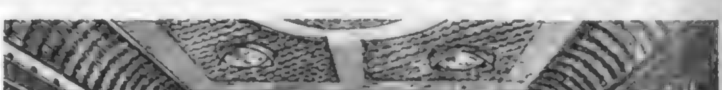
Miss Helena Piercy, one of the prettiest debutantes of the season. There is always a special interest attached to these debutantes at the Drawing Room.

Hatfield House, the stately and historic home of Lord Salisbury, is the ideal place for a garden party, for it bristles with all those reminiscences which lead us to suppose that "the world went very well then."

Miss Edith Lane-Fox's gown set off her good looks to perfection when she married Reginald, son of Earl Fitzwilliam, at St. George's.

The success of the English pilgrimage to Rome has been largely due to the assiduous labours of the Duke of Norfolk who headed his compatriots to the Eternal City.

Dauntless courage is written on every line of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's face, pictured here in his study, but whether this hardy Norseman and his remarkable ship will succeed in penetrating the mysteries of the North Pole yet remains to be seen.



The Queen seated in the drawing-room of her railway saloon. He[r] Majesty, it is hoped, will shortly be journeying to Florence whe[re] she will again pass her spring holiday in the princely villa generous[ly] lent by the Dowager Countess of Crawford and Balcarres.

# IN 1893

Miss Helen Sheffield will shortly become Lady Arthur Grosvenor.

Princess Kaiulani, who was heir-apparent to what was the throne of Hawaii before the recent revolution.

Lady Ida Sitwell as Alethe, Priestess of Isis, when she appeared in the *tableaux vivants* at Scarborough on behalf of the new hospital there.

Lord Ribblesdale's many friends will be glad to know that he will be officiating for the first time as M.C. of the Royal Meeting at Ascot.

Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha led the orchestra in the new Queen's Hall.

The wedding of the winter has, no doubt, been that of Miss Adele Grant to the Earl of Essex.

Lady Brooke can boast of remarkable proficiency in one now-forgotten branch of feminine learning, namely plain needlework.

England was stirred to her depths when the Duke of York led to the altar his cousin, Princess Victoria Mary, daughter of the beloved Duchess of Teck. Our picture shows the Royal table at the wedding breakfast at Buckingham Palace.

# OUR 1893 BOOKSHELF by Rupert Croft-Cooke

*CATRIONA, by R. L. Stevenson. (Cassell.)*
*MANY INVENTIONS, by Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)*
*THE HEAVENLY TWINS, by Sarah Grand. (Heinemann.)*
*WRECKAGE, by Hubert Crackenthorpe. (Heinemann.)*

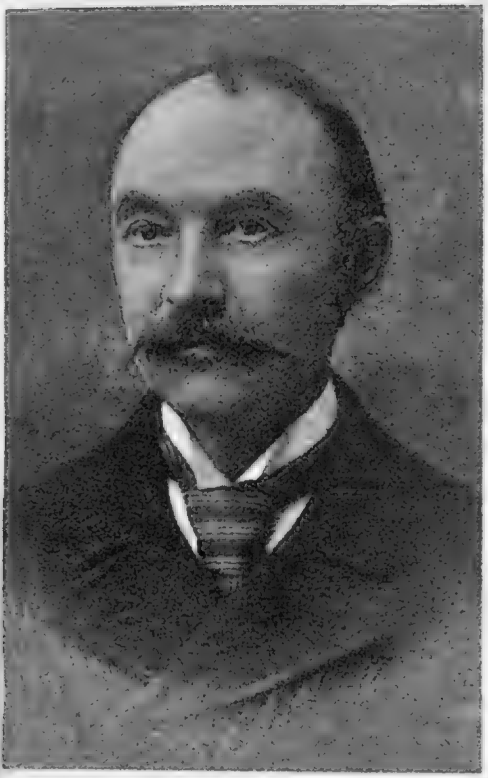
"It is the fate of sequels to disappoint those who have waited for them," says Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in the exquisitely chosen words of the Dedication in his new novel *Catriona.* However, by the judgment of the many readers who know their *Kidnapped,* precisely those who have waited for this sequel will relish it with the best appetite. Some years ago—I mind not if it be seven, it cannot be less—we left David Balfour anchored in the British Linen Company's office in Edinburgh, and if he has, to use the author's words, so long delayed his reappearance that he runs a risk of being greeted with hoots, it is not for any lack of desire on our part to fall in with him again. Indeed, so many months have sped, and the work now before us has so long been looked for with expectation, even with impatience, that the summary of David's adventures as set forth in *Kidnapped* is not unnecessary even to those who have previously met him, as it is indispensable to those who take up the sequel and lack its forerunner. *Catriona* is a romance, even, it may be said, a boy and girl romance, and it is related with all the tender imagination, picturesque detail, discrimination of character and artfully conceived incident which have been praised in this author's previous books. If scenes are to be picked out for their vividness, I would select those in Rotterdam and Leyden as the glowing colours in a somewhat sombre canvas. Yet here the follies and the petty sillinesses of the childish lovers, their fine bearing in a situation fraught with peril to the pair of them, the masterly sketches of the impecunious More, and the deep feeling which clothes the writing, cannot fail to stamp *Catriona* as among the masterpieces of Mr. Stevenson.

*WRITERS OF TO-DAY* 1893.
*Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who writes under the pseudonym of "Anthony Hope," is considered one of the most promising of our younger novelists. He was born in* 1863, *the son of the Rev. Edwards Comerford Hawkins, and on his mother's side is a cousin of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, whose essays have been appearing successfully in* The National Observer, *and are to be issued shortly by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane under the title of* Pagan Papers. *Mr. Hawkins was educated at Marlborough and Balliol College, Oxford. He played Rugby Football for his College and obtained a First in Classical Moderations as well as being President of the Union. His father has now been presented to a London living and Mr. Hawkins makes his home with him. He is a barrister who has already held important briefs. A staunch Liberal, he stood last year without success but not without distinction for a Conservative Constituency in Buckinghamshire. His delightful* Dolly Dialogues *pleased a large circle of readers, and he is the author of five novels, including the highly successful* Mr. Witt's Widow, *published last year. Recently as he walked back to the Temple from the Westminster County Court, where he had won a case, the whole story of a new novel unrolled itself before him and he is engaged on it at this moment. It will be published next year under the title of* The Prisoner of Zenda.

A new volume of short stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, *Many Inventions,* shows no falling off in the vigour and versatility of this young writer. There are stories of soldiers, of sailors, of animals; there is a romance of the sea-serpent which ought to put every nautical yarn-spinner on his mettle; there is a romance of the transmigration of souls, and another about the signs of the Zodiac; there is a piece of the grimmest realism studied in the East End, and in addition to all this artistic work Mr. Kipling throws in numberless hints on the ignorance and folly of everybody who does not share his views about the way in which the world should be governed and the people of nations less fortunate (in Mr. Kipling's view) than ours, who should recognise the benefits conferred on them by our administration. I am not greatly interested to know what Mr. Kipling thinks of the Empire, Parliamentary institutions and the principle of democracy as compared with the principle of efficiency. Indeed, I find it necessary to pass over these matters in his new book and to ignore the somewhat cocksure manner which suggests at times that he is taking statesmen under his patronage, always excepting the statesmen whose portion is the wrath and scorn of every right-thinking patriot, and generally assuring the world that the only touchstone of wisdom is in the possession of a young man who has made a great reputation by writing fables. But I am impressed, as always, with the authenticity and gusto of those fables and with the author's ability to get into the skins of his characters. He really does go down to the sea in ships with those whose business is in the great waters till he has mastered the terminology of seafaring in all its branches, and can spin you a ballad full of phrases hopelessly bewildering to the landsman who at the same time is carried away by the spirit and the lilt of the verse. This book will increase his considerable and rising reputation.

If Mr. Frederic Harrison is right and the novel is "played out," it cannot be for lack of material. "Our absorption in social questions," says Mr. Harrison, "is one potent reason why fiction is declining"; but Madame Sarah Grand's novel, *The Heavenly Twins,* is inspired by a social problem, and she is so far from being gravelled for lack of matter that three closely-printed volumes of about 300 pages apiece scarcely suffice for the liberation of her soul. There are, indeed, three or four distinct novels in this book, and there might have been more if the author had developed the possibilities of one of her Twins instead of dismissing him quite young into the background of an unrequited passion. For a considerable portion of the story the Twins supply the humorous trimmings of the tragedies which are simultaneously enacted. They are certainly a diverting pair, Angelica and her brother Diavolo, and the extraordinary richness and variety of their pranks prove vastly diverting when they are not suddenly snapped up by the author's social problem, and made to discourse upon the servitude of woman and the selfishness of man with the fluency which is only too familiar on certain platforms. The Twins are the children of Lady Adeline Hamilton-Wells and the grandchildren of the Duke of Morningquest, who has been a sad dog in his time, though he lives now under the chastening influence of a Catholic priest, a spiritually-minded daughter, and a lady who is ready at a moment's notice to talk about pleonasms. Angelica, with her passion for what she ambiguously terms "freedom", marries an unfortunate man named Kilroy on the condition that she shall retain this commodity. She does so by wearing a wig and man's clothing and in this guise enchanting a tenor singer. It needs their boat to capsize and throw them into the water so that Angelica's wig is removed before the tenor realises the deception and dies of bronchitis. A great deal of this novel it is difficult to read even with patience. Many of the characters are distorted abstractions, particularly the men, and the virtuous Dr. Galbraith is a mere shadow. Crudity, lack of proportion, overstrained sentiment are redeemed, however, by passages of considerable talent; but it is the talent for romance, not for the solution of social problems.

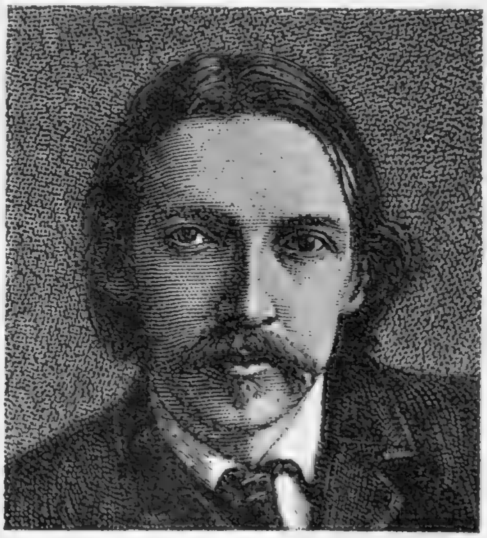
It is pleasant to find that Mr. Hubert Crackenthorpe, the author of *Wreckage,* is not ashamed to acknowledge his debt to masters who preceded Zola, for he sets in the forefront of his audacious little tales a passage from the preface to "Germinie Lacerteux" which declares that the religion of romance bears "*ce large et vaste nom : Humanité.*" I suppose "Germinie Lacerteux" is an old-fashioned novel now, though it is not easy to see what the school of naturalism has gained in the thirty years since the De Goncourts wrote that book. It is the story of a domestic servant, unattractive and commonplace, who, with all the impulses of a passionate nature, has none of the qualities which subjugate man. Her history is intensely human and intensely pitiful. Mr. Crackenthorpe handles a kindred idea with extraordinary vividness in the few pages which he calls "The Struggle for Life." Other stories are no less downright in their appraisement of human follies, vanities and vices. It is refreshing to find, for instance, such a terse, uncompromising statement as that in the story "Profiles"—"Aunt Lisbet drank; chiefly brandy"; or "Lily loathed Aunt Lisbet"; or "She sank into the irretrievable morass of impersonal prostitution." These are, it will be gathered, stories in the realistic vein. There are seven of them, some more powerful than others, but all having the same admirably proportioned strength, restraint, and sombre distinction. As an example of that impersonal art, so striking in French fiction, so rare in English, Mr. Crackenthorpe's work will be gratefully remembered when cartloads of recent fiction will have gone the way of all rubbish.



THOMAS HARDY.
Human passion has no more faithful interpreter, and his intense love of country sights and sounds which is so distinguishing a feature of his novels is brought home to one most pointedly in a walk with him across the Wessex Downs. Mr. Hardy secures the sincere personal attachment of all those who are brought into contact with him, either personally or in his books.

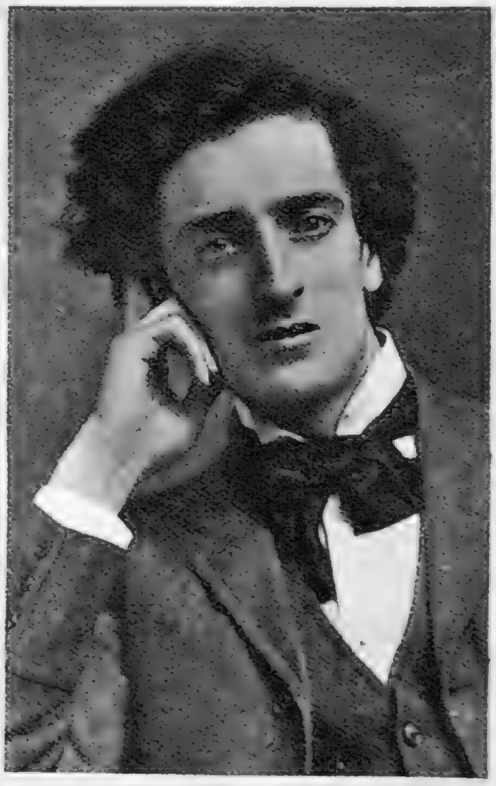
EMILE ZOLA.
Mr. Zola's new book, *Docteur Pascal*, unquestionably demonstrates his immense ability. Since his initial great success with the *Contes à Ninon* in 1864, he has written more than a score of novels and has been most vigorous and aggressive in his articles on literature and art in Villemessant's paper *L'Evenement*.

MRS. MEYNELL.
There is a most agreeable lyrical quality in the verse of the women writers of to-day, but none seems to show a more delicate sense of the artistic form than Mrs. Meynell, who for sheer craftsmanship in her lines, stands head and shoulders above the others on that score alone.



R. L. STEVENSON.
Mr. Stevenson, whose physical strength has long been the subject of much concern, has travelled widely in search of good health, and thus aided his literary resources. Now that he has settled in Samoa, he has been active in the cause of the natives and has been instrumental in bringing about the official enquiry into their conditions.

E. F. BENSON.
Mr. Benson's *Dodo*, a novel on society, has brought him right to the front among the writers of clever fiction. Since last year he has been working in Athens for the British Archæological Society and it will be interesting to see what effect this will produce in his next work. Mr. Benson, it will be remembered, is the third son of the Archbishop of Canterbury.



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.
Fluency, grace and a very definite gift for melody are certainly characteristics of his work, but his early tendencies to amorous affectations can scarcely be said to have decreased in these later years. He is a man of culture and wide, critical insight and his talent is certainly far more virile than his verse would have one believe.

# 1893: LITERARIANS OF THE MOMENT

FIRST TRAMP: " 'Ow did yer know we shed find sech a nice lot o' silver at this 'ere 'ouse ? "
SECOND TRAMP: " Put a advertisement in the noocepaper, o' course, orferin' five pounds a hounce for old silver : and this 'ere gent as lives 'ere wos one of them as arnsered it."

THE IRONY OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

"MAY I TROUBLE YOU ?—THANKS, AWFULLY."

BALFOUR TO GLADSTONE : " You Goose ! "
GLADSTONE TO BALFOUR : " You-Gander ! "

WHAT W

"Yes, Master George, I was a nobbly little bit in my time."

THE REV. STAGGLES: "I'm a great believer in Stokes's system of committing things to memory. For instance, the mental picture of a policeman in flames would suggest the name of Bobbie Burns."
BROWN: "Or Robert Browning."

FIRST ACTOR: "Yes, my dear fellow, I have played in *Hamlet*."
SECOND ACTOR: "Indeed! Your father's ghost seems to have startled you a bit."

AFTER HALF-AN-HOUR AT LADY CRUSHER'S LITTLE DANCE.

LAUGHED AT . . .

Mr. Louis T. Stanley investigates a burning topic of the sporting world of 1893 and reports to you on

# LADIES AT GOLF: A TRAVESTY OF SPORT

Our Mr. Stanley

I have come to the conclusion that my mind was ossified years ago. I abominate all alterations, particularly when a tradition is debased to the point of indecency. I am so incensed that I find calm and reasoned thinking virtually impossible. I have just visited Lancashire—in itself always a sobering experience—to witness a travesty of sport that the organisers in their wisdom were pleased to call the First Ladies' Golf Championship. The competition was unseemly from start to finish. Thirty-eight females congregated with thirty-eight different styles which they proceeded to demonstrate with unladylike vigour. After watching their gyrations, I can only say that, though women do not seem to find it difficult nowadays to behave like men, nevertheless they find it extremely hard to behave like gentlemen.

Exhibitions such as this lead to unexpected pairings. Up to now I have always agreed with Walter Bagehot that the cure for admiring the House of Lords is to go and look at it, but on this occasion I find myself somewhat surprisingly in agreement with Lord Moncreiff on the delicate question whether women should play golf at all. He welcomes the establishment of ladies' links—a kind of Jews' quarter—which have now been provided for them on most of the larger greens. He suggests 70 or 80 yards as the average limit of a drive, not because he doubts a lady's power to make a longer drive, but because that cannot well be done without raising the club above the shoulder. I associate myself entirely with the noble lord's observation that the posture and gestures requisite for a full swing are not particularly graceful when the player is clad in female dress.

That truth was brought home with renewed force at Lytham. Never have I seen women look so frightful. Several were not so much dressed as upholstered. It was difficult to tell whether one player was garbed for an opera or an operation. The hats were creations that will never go out of style. They will just look ridiculous year after year and never more so than on a golf links. The general behaviour of the women, both on and off the fairways, left much to be desired. This graceless coterie spent the time looking one another over with microscopic carelessness. The standard of play was inferior, if not puerile; in fact, there were moments when the efforts to strike a golf ball attained almost the dignity of manual labour. Several ladies whose features did not seem to know the value of teamwork found their convulsive attempts to co-ordinate mind and muscle beyond their powers. I can only hope that mediocrity, as Alma-Tadema discovered, has its compensations. Two competitors kissing each other reminded me of a couple of prize-fighters shaking hands. A be-ribboned official who bore the remains of really remarkable ugliness went about her duties as if there were only three things in the world that she did not understand, and they were Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. She treated every man as a potential seducer, in spite of the fact that her face was a chaperone. Two days at Lytham convinced me that woman was not made from man's rib. It was much more likely to have been his funny bone.

I was accosted by an official of the peculiar organisation that came into existence in April of this year and rejoices under the name of Ladies' Golf Union. I was asked why I resented the presence of women on the fairways. My reply was simple: "You ladies quarrel so much over golf—you are always having rows." Back came the retort: "Well, you gentlemen made the rules by which we have to play, and they are so ungrammatical and illogical that not any two of you can expound them in the same way." How I dislike feminine logic. It is all very well to say that man has his will, but woman has her way. If my reader complains because I have commented on unimportant details, I liken my action to that of an accomplished host who pays most attention to those he will soonest forget.

Of those who performed at Lytham only one deserves remembering—Lady Margaret Scott, who played impressively throughout. Her fine, full, easy swing won universal admiration. In the final against Miss Pearson the play was too one-sided to be exciting. Miss Pearson was evidently very nervous and Lady Margaret, 7 up at the turn, finished the match at the 13th.

No doubt this competition was very entertaining, but I feel it was undesirable. The aftermath is painfully obvious. Before long the question of women's right on golf links will be raised. I do not know that a claim for absolute equality has as yet been made; but, as Lord Moncreiff declared, the ladies are advancing in all pursuits with such strides, or leaps and bounds, whichever expression may be thought the more respectful, that it will, no doubt, not be long before such a claim is formulated. It is all very well to say that woman is only one of Nature's agreeable blunders, but the dilemma has to be faced. I hate to say so, but everything points to the gradual extension of ladies' links. Provided they choose to play at times when the male golfers are feeding or resting, I suppose few objections will be raised. But on other occasions, such as ladies playing the long round with men as partners, I fall back on the comment made by a promising young player, who found it hard to decide between flirtation and playing the game—"It's all mighty pleasant, but it's not business." I endorse that remark. If the present tendency continues there will soon be only three places in England where you can avoid women—the club, the monastery and the grave.

Lord Moncreiff raised another pertinent point. He took serious objection to their presence as spectators. Such objections might be waived if they abstained from talking while you are playing, and if the shadow of their dresses did not flicker on the putting-green as you are holing-out. Even setting aside these positive offences against the unwritten laws of golf, the courageous peer claims that women unintentionally exercise an unsettling, and therefore pernicious influence, deny it who can. Naturally, you are anxious to play your best before them, and yet if you beat their husband or brother they will not like you any the better. Lord Moncreiff argues that it seems churlish not to speak to them; but if you do the other players will rightly abuse you. I might state parenthetically that one of the party is bound to speak to them, because almost every foursome contains one ladies' man. I admit that being a woman is a terribly difficult task, since it consists principally of dealing with men. Even so, I classify women golfers with the gentlemen of Molière's time . . . they know everything without having learned anything.

Still, there is not much wrong with the game when we have such doughty champions as Mr. John Bull, Mr. Harold Hilton, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. J. E. Laidlay and Mr. L. M. B. Melville. The professionals—an agreeable if somewhat rough crowd of fellows—are equally promising. Willie Park, Davie Brown, Bob Ferguson and Jamie Anderson of the quaint Musselburgh links show how a lifetime devoted to golf can improve playing ability. There are signs, however, that their reign will be challenged by a group of promising youngsters: James Braid, a lanky youth from Earlsferry; J. H. Taylor, who looks the personification of granite determination; Harry Vardon, who somehow developed a liking for the game in the Channel Islands; and Alex Herd, an attractive striker of the ball, though perhaps not so outstanding as his colleagues. I should not be surprised if one of these youngsters managed to win the Open Championship, particularly as it has now been extended to seventy-two holes.

I consider it most gratifying to be able to record that this year the Americans are inaugurating their first national golf championship at Newport, R.I. Entry will be restricted to amateurs, but I feel sure that in due course their professionals and even lady golfers will have their own competitions. Personally, I welcome any extension of transatlantic sporting associations. I know that we have cynics in our midst who say that every time they look across the Atlantic to see the American eagle, all they see is the rear end of an ostrich. I am much more hopeful. I like to think that we have everything in common with America except, of course, language.

Eights Week :
BONZO GETS SIX BUMPS !
*By G. E. Studdy.*

DENNYS THE DRAGON : SOME FAMILY !
The stork brings Dennys 5000 twins.
*By Alfred Leete.*

CRAN'POP RIDES THE CRESTA.
*By Lawson Wood, F.Z.S.*

BUSHY—inheritor of a great tradition of *SKETCH* animals.
*By John Hargrave.*

# FROM BONZO TO BUSHY

# ART IN 1893

Here, with this cross-section of the art of 1893, is an excerpt from *The Sketch's* Art Notes of the period:

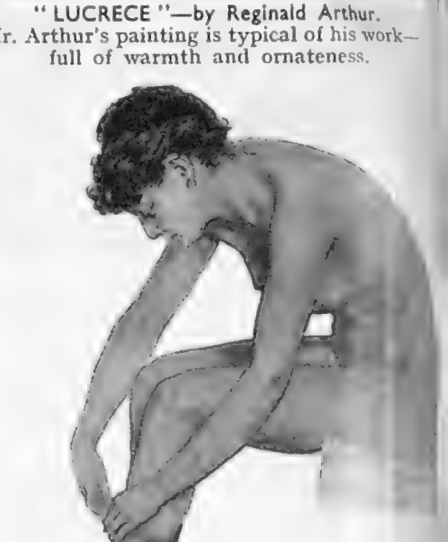
"Year by year, the Academy opens its doors to the public, and the sacred Forty, with their stupendous following, return for the composition of fresh matter for carping criticism, for applause, and for odious comparisons. Yearly the wisdom of the very existence of such an institution is discussed, and generally condemned; but, rich and indifferent, the Academy continues its prosperous career, confers its infrequent honours, and stimulates the ambitions of the artistic crowd.

Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A. (President since 1878.)

"The Italians are now up, now down; the Dutch are now down, now—and emphatically now—up. The prosperity of the earlier Victorian school of painting is no less interesting in its changes and chances. The other day at Christie's, *Cat's-paw*, by that peculiarly popular painter, Edwin Landseer, sold for £934. Hostile criticism only succeeds in making his ambition triumphant. Nevertheless, the question remains to ask, 'It 's pretty, but is it art?'

"Turner's *Trout Stream* fetched no less than £5000. Mr. Ruskin ought, indeed, to die a happy man. A Holbein drawing, on the one hand, went for £61, and a Ruysdael, on the other, fetched more than £1200. Will Mr. Henry Moore never grow tired of blue seas? We acknowledge very readily his great artistic quality—few men can so represent the motion of deep waters; but—toffee for breakfast, for luncheon, for dinner, make one tire even of toffee."

"LUCRECE"—by Reginald Arthur.
Mr. Arthur's painting is typical of his work—full of warmth and ornateness.



"STUDY OF A GIRL"—by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.
This study shows a singular grace of line and closeness of observation.

Left—"LE CHAPEAU NOIR"—by P. A. Hay.
Another of Mr. Hay's lovely female studies to delight us.

"LOVE AND LIFE"—by G. F. Watts, R.A.
Mr. Watts' work proves him beyond all cavil and question a great English artist.

"NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM RUSSIA"—by L. Kratké.
Mr. Kratké "describes" the indescribable—Napoleon out-generalled by Winter.

" LITTLE BO-PEEP." Dorothy, youngest daughter of the Rev. F. V. Dodgson—by N. Prescott-Davies, R.B.A.

" PIERROT "—by A. Vollon.
M. Vollon depicts to perfection this itinerant minstrel of French pantomime.

" ALERTE "—by F. Sallé.
Very striking in its portrayal of the new age of speed is this fine picture of M. Sallé's.

" TRUTH "—by George W. Joy.
Mr. Joy has had the happy notion of placing his symbol at the bottom of the proverbial well.

Mr. J. C. Trewin attends the 1893 Theatre to report for your pleasure on

# THREE PERFORMANCES OF NOTE

Our Mr. Trewin

## THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY

*(St. James's)*

It is only eleven years since Mr. Archer suggested that Mr. Pinero's work lacked a certain firmness and consistency of construction. If we remember, he advised the young author to learn from the analysis and reconstruction of a well-knit French drama. But, since those days, Mr. Pinero—as we know well—has been a man both busy and independent. He has not set himself the task of transplanting Paris to London. He has gone about his own work in plays of a quality and a variety unmatched by any of his colleagues. Who would have seen in the author of *Dandy Dick* and its fellow-farces the Pinero of so poignant a work as *The Profligate*? Who, from the gentle comedy of *Sweet Lavender*, or the romp of *The Amazons*, would have divined a dramatist capable of so great a play as the drama which Mr. Alexander presented on May 27 at the St. James's Theatre?

We hardly know how to apportion the awards of a night that must surely be historic. Not only did it reveal Mr. Pinero at work with the power of a master-craftsman. It took a young actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whom previously we had met only in the murk of Adelphi melodrama, to a high place on our stage.

It may not be ungallant to suppose that Time will give its first honours to Mr. Pinero. He has written the great play that provokes great acting. While Mrs. Campbell must ever be Paula Tanqueray in our minds and hearts, we must remember that without Pinero's pen there could have been no Paula. Aubrey Tanqueray is seeking at the last to save his marriage with Paula, the woman who had been once the mistress of his daughter's lover. He has said that he and Paula will get away from the Surrey house and go abroad again and begin afresh; that they will make their calculations solely for the future, talk about the future, think about the future. To this Paula answers—and we shall not forget the slow beating of Mrs. Campbell's voice—"I believe the future is only the past again, entered through another gate."

Mr. Pinero has here written more than an effective drama, though all must acknowledge both its effectiveness and its dramatic authority. He has written a play on a problem, the problem of a woman who seeks to live a new life, to put her past behind her. Paula Tanqueray, who fails to escape from the world she has made for herself, is a complex character of many moods; but it is the tragic mood that must dominate, for we sense, from the moment she comes upon the stage in Aubrey Tanqueray's bachelor chambers in Albany, that her destiny is inescapable. She is Aubrey's second wife. We have heard already from the conversation of his friends, that his first marriage was a failure, and soon we are to hear the worst about the second Mrs. Tanqueray. She had been known as Mrs. Jarman and as Mrs. Dartry. She was simply a Miss Paula Ray. With her past, how will she be received in what Aubrey calls "our little parish of St. James's," or, indeed, in that other parish among the Surrey hills? Mr. Pinero has made the answer to this question, and to so many others, wholly absorbing. With Mr. Alexander to present Aubrey Tanqueray for us as a man of hope, faith and charity, as anxious as Paula for happiness; with Mr. Maude as the worldly-wise Cayley Drummle; and, above all, with Mrs. Campbell as Paula, no play could be acted with more understanding and talent.

We return now to Mrs. Campbell. Her performance must have startled even those who had watched her lavishing her art upon such pieces as *The Trumpet Call* and *The Black Domino* at the Adelphi. Some of us were prepared for the beauty of her appearance, dark, Italianate; we knew her warm, romantic tone. But, frankly, we were not prepared for the poignancy, the depth of this performance. If ever there was an example of the part for the actress and the actress for the part, this was that rare thing, a union of perfections. It will be some time, we hazard, before Mr. Alexander needs another play for his bills, though this should not deter Mr. Pinero from his work. In his next play he may perhaps be more careful with a detail or two, but Mr. Pinero is only thirty-eight; he must be the hope of our stage in the years ahead. What, we wonder, does Mr. Archer think now?

## A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE

*(Haymarket)*

We cannot believe that a writer of Mr. Oscar Wilde's vaunted readiness can have failed to notice the opening he has given to his mockers. This, they will say, is a play of no importance; and, even now, with the cheering of the Haymarket première in our minds, we cannot altogether hold the judgment false. Mr. Wilde is a wit, if by this we mean that he possesses the gift of marshalling and lighting a singular variety of verbal squibs. "My husband is a sort of promissory note," says a Mrs. Allonby in this play. "I 'm tired of meeting him." Whereupon a Lady Caroline Pontefract retorts: "But you renew him from time to time, don't you?" With these, and similar, spurts and cracklings in our ears, Mr. Wilde may delude some of us into believing that he is wit's monarch: others may see in him little more than a flunkey in the courts of comedy. It is when we consider his pretensions to be deemed a serious dramatist that all must join in dismay—must lament that Mr. Wilde should write in a style so reminiscent of the lusher romance of the lady who wears the pseudonym of "Ouida."

There is one passage in the new piece which, though Mrs. Bernard Beere speaks it with infinite tact, is hard to accept at what should be the height of the drama. Mrs. Arbuthnot, in a veiled third-person description to her son of her own treatment by Lord Illingworth, talks of a woman who drags a chain like a guilty thing, a woman who wears a mask, like a thing that is a leper. And it is just after this, when Gerald rushes upon the monstrous Lord Illingworth, that Mrs. Arbuthnot restrains him with the cry: "Stop, Gerald, stop! He is your own father!" We do not expect this empurpled drama, this consciously inebriated style at the Haymarket. It says a great deal for the technique and the composure of the company that no line or scene is permitted to falter.

It is doubtless to Mr. Wilde's credit that he gives a certain semblance of animation to his passages of comedy. The social *milieu* is demonstrably absurd. In fact, the American girl Hester speaks of English society as—if our notes are accurate—as a dead thing smeared with gold, a leper in purple. Mr. Wilde has a strange preoccupation with lepers. But, if we accept the titled medley, on these terraces and in these halls and drawing-rooms in "the Shires," its chatter does keep a kind of anxious gaiety that may pass in the theatre. It could not be treated better than it is by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. He is Lord Illingworth who has to make the best of the world of comedy and (in his cynical heartlessness) the world of *Family Herald* drama into which Mr. Wilde, in his other self, conveys us. Mr. Tree is a most cultured comedian. There is little further to add except to note the elegance of the *mise en scène*, and to wish that Mr. Wilde would apply himself again to the more embellished dialogue and eliminate its redundant lepers. Not, we feel, that it is conceivable this drama can have any prolonged life once it has been accorded its Haymarket due.

## BECKET

*(Lyceum)*

The new play at the Lyceum was performed on Mr. Irving's fifty-fifth birthday. This, in itself, was matter for felicitation. But Mr. Irving has brought to us a birthday gift—no less than the late Lord Tennyson's *Becket*, a chronicle nobly conceived, but (as first written) of a texture too loose for the needs of the theatre. To Mr. Irving we owe now its re-shaping, its compression, its change from a dramatic poem to poetic drama. To Mr. Irving also we owe the subtly magnificent impersonation of Becket, soldier, statesman and martyr. It has been well said (remembering his Richelieu and his Wolsey) that he is in himself a College of Cardinals. He has wrought nothing more lasting than the proud Chancellor who becomes ascetic Churchman; the man who one day must fall beneath the swords in the north transept of Canterbury Cathedral, crying "Into Thy hands, O Lord—into Thy hands!" There is much to repay us in the Laureate's chronicle. Miss Terry turns to a thing of delicate beauty the theatrically fragile part of Fair Rosamund; Mr. Terriss can develop the passion of the King; and where could we find a Queen more regal than the Eleanor of Miss Ward?

But it is Mr. Irving's night.

Mr. Henry Irving

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AND MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, the new play now being performed at the St. James's Theatre and upon which Mr. Trewin makes comment on the opposite page

# THEY ENTERTAINED US IN 1893

JULIA NEILSON.

GEORGE GROSSMITH.

LILY LANGTRY.

ELLEN TERRY.

MARIE TEMPEST.

CISSY LOFTUS

ELLALINE TERRISS.

CYRIL MAUDE

# THEIR NAMES ARE BUT AS YESTERDAY

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

MARIE LLOYD.

LILY HANBURY.

ELEANORA DUSE.

MADAME MELBA.

LITTLE TICH.

FANNY BROUGH.

"In the name of the Prophet—Henley! In such wise might they respond, these oarsmen and maidens, when offered the traditional penny for their thoughts during the portentous days which precede the annual saturnalia of the Thames. They are so desperately in earnest, too, with their sun-flushed faces and their soap-and-water weary flannels, that I 'gin to grow ashamed of my dilettantism.

"Time was when the average Londoner's sole acquaintance with the Thames was a casual acknowledgement of its existence at the University Boat-Race. Society (with a big S) flocked gaily to Barnes and Hammersmith, clad in fearful and wonderful costumes of mitigated or unmitigated blue. But the old order has transferred its riverward allegiance a few miles further up the stream. 'Let it be called Henley Regatta,' they said, and behold it is so even unto this day, with *fin-de-siècle* developments of house-boats and nigger minstrels and river girls undreamt of, doubtless, in the philosophy of its promoters.

"The fair oarswoman of Henley has an inartistic tendency towards freckles and sailor hats. Like the tennis-girl, her taste runs a good deal to blouses and blue serge, worn in such a way as to preclude the possibility of any feminine vanity lingering in the soul of the wearer. One might find it in one's heart to forgive them their garments, if only they did not get so hot—so very, very obviously hot.

"In the beginning, Henley Regatta was a primitive little function—just an unpretentious boat-race; nowadays, nothing is primitive, least of all Henley. The Blue Riband of the river is won amid just as much pomp of picnic and circumstance of costume as that of the Turf or the cricket field. It is a feast of lobster salad and champagne, of parasols and petticoats, of flower boxes and fairy lights.

"But hark! mine ears tingle with the taunts of the oarsmen, and I can feel the hot little oarswoman pitying me out of her wide eyes. How delightful Henley would be if it were not for the races and the boating fraternity!

# "LET IT BE CALLED HENLEY REGATTA"

An historic final of the Diamond Sculls at Henley (Guy Nickalls *v.* Psotta).

Just after the final of the Grand Challenge at Henley Regatta.

THE MISSES HATHAWAY

*By Mr. A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

*The Sketch* of 1893 could be relied upon—as, indeed, it still can—to show the most modern trends in every field of art. Here, the photographer's portrayal of two lovely sisters is a daringly novel departure from the usual style of the period—and a great advance from the stage of the head clamp used in earlier portrait photography.

THIS NEW WORLD OF MOTORING

By WILLIAM HARTLEY

# A MECHANICALLY-PROPELLED ROAD VEHICLE FOR THE TRANSPORT OF PEOPLE

Being possessed of a certain amount of mechanical knowledge and of an interest in mechanical contrivances, I have been deputed by the Editor of this journal to undertake what to me I can only describe as a somewhat perilous assignment.

The Editor learned through various channels and, no doubt, through conversations with his many friends, that on the Continent there are in existence some mechanically-propelled road vehicles. These, it appears, are intended for the transport of people, as they desire, from place to place. The intention, too, is to avoid the various tasks that are imposed upon the carriage owner's servants in the care and upkeep of horses. I also understand that those who favour this new mechanical carriage make a claim that there will be available a greater pace for traversing the roads, although whether in fact this be so, I fear I am unable to confirm or deny.

There came to my knowledge after sundry diligent researches on your behalf, the news that a certain Mr. Simms had brought over from France one of these machines and when approached, he expressed himself as being prepared to permit me, on your behalf, to ride on it. Further, he expressed a desire that I should myself take the controls, of which there are several, and myself steer it and control its speed in the course of my journey.

Owing to the season in which I had to undertake this interesting and somewhat unusual mission, Mr. Simms, with great kindness, suggested that it would be as well if I prepared myself to withstand some degree of cold. This advice I took, wisely, and clothed myself in the warmest overcoat possible. Here I may make a point concerning the possible acceptance of these machines, for such is the degree to which both driver and passengers are exposed, that their use must be limited by reasons of personal well-being to the less inclement seasons of the year.

The new horseless carriage of this year of Grace 1893.

It had been arranged that I would *rendezvous* with Mr. Simms' machine and his two men in Kensington Gore. Thither I went, therefore, to discover these two men in the course of some not altogether seemly argument with the driver of a hansom. On listening, I found that the unfortunate driver of the hansom had been deprived of a fare due to the alarming way in which his horse had behaved when startled by the noise created by Mr. Simms' machine. This is, I am aware, beyond the scope of this present account, but perhaps it may serve to indicate one of the hazards of a journey in such a machine except in very isolated rural highways.

The machine itself was high, with a padded seat reaching from one side to the other and facing forwards. This, it seemed, has to be shared by the owner with the driver, whose place was on the left. The wheels are rather large and have a rim on which is fixed some rubber to absorb the harshness of the road. There are, of course, the conventional type of carriage springs.

I asked Mr. Simms' driver to inform me of the origin of this machine, and I was interested to know that it had been brought over the Channel from France, where it had been constructed by a M. Panhard and a M. Levasseur. The engine was, so I was informed, of 3-horse-power and designed and constructed by a German engineer, Herr Gottlieb Daimler. For the operation of this engine, a supply of benzoline was carried in a receptacle beneath the seat and I must perforce comment, at this juncture, that the odour of this fuel penetrated beyond the confines of the tank and into the nostrils of those around, with a rather unpleasant effect.

Under the Act of 1887, it was necessary for us to be preceded upon the highway by a man bearing a red flag (Mr. Simms' second man performing this rôle) for the purpose of giving indication to those in charge of horses and to others that a mechanical contrivance was about to pass by.

I climbed into the seat with the aid of a foot-rest placed, carriage fashion, below the door. Mr. Simms' driver then walked to the front of the vehicle, opened a tap with which to commence the flow of the benzoline to the engine, and then seized hold of a handle adjacent to the engine. This, I observed, had to be turned many times and with some considerable degree of physical effort. After a little while, the engine started. There was an immediate vibration to be felt and, as you will have concluded, quite an appreciable noise.

The driver mounted and took his seat by my side and, moving a small lever in conjunction with the pedal operation of others protruding from the box round the engine, the vehicle started to progress. There was a greater degree of noise emitted by the engine and a somewhat severe jerk as our movement commenced. Our flag man was by now walking ahead and I observed that a number of passers-by, instead of being warned by his presence, appeared to come even closer to our path, no doubt to exercise an uncontrollable curiosity. No doubt if these devices should ever become used by a few people who desire the novel, then bystanders will perhaps learn to benefit by the warning given of their approach. As it was, we narrowly averted causing personal injury to several persons as we passed through Hammersmith Broadway to take the Chiswick High Road. I had decided to try to reach Richmond for lunch, being prepared to devote no less than the full day to this task.

We proceeded along the High Road and I found that the degree of comfort afforded by the seat was not unpleasant, though at times the whole machine would lurch and cause it to be advisable to keep secure purchase on the rail with the hands. Once or twice our flag man seemed to me to get rather too far ahead, and, on those occasions, I confess to feeling a trifle concerned lest the officers of the police force should consider he was not with us. However, such contretemps did not arise. On other occasions, I observed that we became perilously close to the man's heels, due to a slight declivity in the road assisting us to increase our speed.

The general behaviour of the normal traffic was not other than as expected, and acting upon my instruction, although not without protest, the driver would almost come to a standstill. I several times asked him to allow the engine to stop also, but he declined, with respectful civility I admit, on the grounds that we might well be on that spot for some while afterwards, and thus arrive at Richmond too late for lunch. The engine would not, I was informed, always restart as readily as it had when we commenced our journey from Kensington.

I recall one moment when I feared disaster had befallen us. Owing to the state of fright of a fine mare drawing a hansom, we had of necessity to make a somewhat hurried stop. The brakes worked well and I became aware of a harsh and unpleasant voice hailing from behind. I turned in time to see a carriage coming towards us, the driver reining in as much as he could. Fortunately, the shafts did not quite touch our machine, although the horse's head came very close to those of the driver and myself.

With little further incident we reached Richmond, having made good speed from Kew. Lunch I found to be most welcome, and it occurs to me that the rapid motion through the air may well have added zest to my appetite. Some two hours afterwards, the men having no doubt refreshed themselves also, we commenced our return journey. At Mr. Simms' request I took the seat at the controls. After some instruction from Mr. Simms' driver, I found it not difficult to maintain a course parallel with the side of the road. I, of course, kept my speed low, and the result was that a number of carriages formed a line behind us, none of the drivers choosing to pass. Whether this trepidation on their part was due to the unruly behaviour of their animals or to the uncertainty of the course to be adopted by the machine I was handling, I know not. But after a while their shouts decided me to pull up. Choosing a by-road on Kew Green, I halted. I had sufficient experience of controlling this device to appreciate that, with little experience, it presented no more hardship or difficulty than a high-spirited mare, other than the need for constant awareness of the other vehicles using the highway at the same time.

We proceeded on our return journey and arrived in Kensington without further mishap. I duly rewarded the men for their work and took myself home to consider. I am credibly informed that Mr. Simms and others are contemplating coming to some arrangement with Herr Daimler to manufacture his mechanical devices here in England. Further, there is a Mr. F. W. Lanchester in company with his brothers, and they, too, are actually making some experiments with such like machines, although whether they will eventually make one to run on the highway, I do not know.

But with others in America being propelled by steam, we are shortly to have to endure the presence of several mechanically-driven carriages on our highways. I cannot, from this personal experience, think for one moment that they will become of more use than the conventional transportation. For long journeys, the railways provide entirely adequate service.

I must also add that my researches have revealed that Mr. Thomas Humber, who is, as you will know, a maker of bicycles, is actually contemplating arranging an engine in an enlarged two-wheeled machine. What can be the outcome of such temerity I do not choose to forecast. It is sufficient for me to report the facts as I have gleaned them.

# RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS IN THE YEAR OF OUR DÉBUT

ENGLAND : The old W. H. Smith and Son Bookstall at Liverpool Street Station, London.

SCOTLAND : The old John Menzies and Co. Bookstall at Aberdeen.

IRELAND : Eason and Son's Bookstall at Broadstone, M.G.W. Railway Terminus, Dublin.

A cross-section of the myriad bookstalls all over the British Isles which have been selling *The Sketch* ever since its first issue in 1893. The bowler-hatted stall managers and uniformed newsboys stand proudly before posters and advertisements of newspapers and magazines of the time, most of which are still going strong to-day. In those days, bookstalls stocked a heterogeneous collection of wares, including not only the usual pens, knives and wallets—but also pocket watches and even cloth caps!

# DINING OUT

*Being an extract from the diary of Mr. S. Rossiter-Shepherd, the well-known gastronome and gourmet, of South Kensington, London, W.*

*Feb. 11th*, 1893.

The anxiety and depression through which I have passed during these last few days have been almost more than mortal man can bear. But now that "Little Girlie" has released me from what she was pleased—though I was not!—to call our engagement, a great weight seems to have been lifted from my mind.

My man Munday has just brought me "Little Girlie's" letter which arrived by the first post this morning. This day, February 11th, 1893, therefore, is one I shall *never* forget. I can scarcely believe in my good fortune. My freedom has been restored to me. True, the whole affair has cost me a pretty penny, one way and another, apart from a cool "thou." I put into the syndicate that backed "Little Girlie's" last show. (A flop!)

This should be a lesson to me, where young ladies of musical comedy are concerned, not to be such a juggins for the future.

To help celebrate my newly-won freedom I spoke to Old Carruthers on the electric telephone and got his promise to dine with me to-night. I intend to give him a thundering good dinner. No man likes good food and wine more than Old Carruthers—except myself—which is the reason, I suppose, we take such a delight in entertaining each other and both patronise the public restaurants.

Birds of a feather, eh?

Called in Munday a few moments ago and asked him for suggestions. Not that he knows much about dining out from *personal* experience, of course. But, as he somewhat amusingly expresses it: "I 've always been in the service of gentlemen who know what 's what when it comes to fizz and food, sir, and I must say I 've picked up a thing or two through h'inadvertently overhearing their criticisms on dining h'out."

I wish Munday would not use the word "fizz" when he refers to champagne. I do *not* regard it as a suitable expression for a person in his position. But there, I suppose it is all a sign of the times, with Jack becoming as good as his master!

After talking to Munday, was almost tempted to take Old Carruthers to a two-shilling *table d'hôte* in one of those little foreign places that have been springing up in Soho lately. It would certainly have been a bit of a jape, and we should have got a jolly good dinner into the bargain. Thought of going to Pinoli's where a Man from the Club took me to dinner last week. The frosted-glass windows of this little restaurant bear the proud legend: "Parisian Dinner, 2s.", while inside, on the tables, small printed cards further inform one that "Pinoli's Parisian Suppers are a Gift from the Gods," this celestial gift being priced at 1s. 6d.

I must say it was really wonderful what we got for our two shillings, though I hear that *many* of these new French and Continental restaurants also offer six- or seven-course dinners for about this price.

The *hors-d'œuvres* consisted of sardines, fillets of anchovies and of smoked herring in oil, anchovies in brine, smelts, whitebait (left over from luncheon, I suppose?), potato, Russian and other vegetable salads. And crisp, pink radishes, of course. Sometimes prawns; but if you *do* get prawns they put out only a few. I suppose it is for the look of the thing as much as anything.

But I wish they would *not* leave the *hors-d'œuvres* tray on the table. I know it is done so that one may help oneself to a further portion without question if desired. But the spectacle of so much food constantly before one tends to depreciate one's appetite. Perhaps the idea is to tempt one to eat too many *hors-d'œuvres* so that one will not want much else, though there seems plenty of everything, goodness knows.

This dinner ran to seven courses, but did not include coffee. Paid another sixpence each for this. Man from the Club said he thought this was rather a lot considering how much food they were able to give us for two shillings. Drank a *vin ordinaire* and took a liqueur each, which brought the bill to a total of seven shillings, made up as follows: Dinners, 4s.; wine, 1s.; coffee, 1s.; liqueurs, 1s.

On second thoughts decided that this being a special occasion, Old Carruthers would not appreciate the adventure of a two-shilling *table d'hôte* however good it might be. Resolved to go to Kettner's, a snug little restaurant tucked away in Church-street, Soho, founded in 1867 by an Alsatian, the late M. Auguste Kettner, in the days before Shaftesbury Avenue existed and the Palace Theatre was still a place of the future. This is a popular rendezvous with the Foreign Office crowd. Having knocked about the Courts of Europe and been pampered by royal chefs they are considered to know a thing or two about the art of dining, so my choice should please Old Carruthers, who has not long retired from the Diplomatic Service himself.

Our Mr. Rossiter-Shepherd

Had arranged to pick up Carruthers at his Piccadilly club and to go on to the restaurant from there. But nearly met with disaster before I started. Cut myself on a sharp edge of my dress shirt and dropped a stud. While looking for it caught the back of my head on a brass ornament protruding from my bedstead. Must go in for one of these new-fangled *wooden* bedsteads they are talking about.

Told Munday to whistle for a hansom, but my housekeeper having mislaid the whistle, Munday had to go out to the Cromwell-road and fetch one. Slight fog coming up as we clip-clopped along Knightsbridge. The driver said it would probably be thicker Up West.

Old Carruthers was waiting for me with his Gibus opera-hat folded flat beneath his Inverness cape. In honour of our little dinner he had resisted having a B. and S., and felt rather proud of himself in consequence. To give the old fellow a satisfactory dinner is not one of the easiest things in the world because, in addition to understanding the art of dining, he is a most excellent cook himself.

When we arrived at Kettner's I sought out Giovanni Sangiorgi, who had been head waiter to old Auguste Kettner, and had later married Auguste's widow. This is the dinner we settled on:

Consommé double.
Œufs à la Russe.
Soufflé de filets de sole Auguste.
Timbale Lucullus.
Noisettes d'agneau à la Princesse.
Petit pois à la française.
Pomme Mirelle.
Aiguillettes de caneton à l'Orange.
Salade Vénétienne.
Pouding Saxon.
Salade de fruits.

We sat at a table lighted by wax candles set in double candelabra with pink silk shades. Restaurateurs believe this colour is kind to ladies' complexions which I suppose is the reason nearly every restaurant in Town uses them. But we were not interested in that just then.

The soup, when it came, served from a small silver bowl, was piping hot. The *Œufs à la Russe* with their attendant *vodkhi* met with our full approval. We agreed about the soufflé. I thought the fish part of the dish was admirable and the texture of the soufflé left nothing to be desired. As to the completely delicious *timbale*, with its savoury contents of quenelles, foi gras, cocks' combs and truffles, it was indeed like an offering from heaven.

Most excellent, too, were the noisettes, mouth-watering portions of tender meat grilled to the second, each with its accompanying *fond d'artichaut* and tiny peas.

The Venetian salad was one of the triumphs of the dinner, a little tower of many-coloured vegetables, peas, beans, truffles, potatoes, beetroot, flavoured by a slice of *saucisson* and dressed with whipped white of eggs.

With this we drank a bottle of Perrier Jouet '79, very slightly chilled. Old Carruthers took an armagnac, which he prefers, made from grapes grown near Toulouse in the south of France, and which has a somewhat different bouquet to the brandies of Cognac. I took the same, though often I favour a liqueur.

The waiter offered us a choice of cigars. We could have had a Havana, corona size, in excellent condition for 1s. 2d. The waiter said that many people did not object to the Dutch cigars from the East Indies which were becoming increasingly popular. These were to be had, he said, for a few pence, but personally I have never sampled one nor do I intend to. I do not believe in economising on the price of a cigar.

However, I had brought my own cigars in a leather cigar-case as almost everyone does. But there was nearly disaster when a young waiter offered me a light from a—WAX VESTA! I have never been more horrified in my life! One touch from it could have ruined our cigars completely. I called the *maître d'hotel* and warned him not to let such a thing happen again. He was as horrified as we were, poor man, and was almost in tears over what had happened. He explained that the young waiter was new to the profession and was receiving his training.

I swear we gave him a lesson he will never forget.

When we came out of Kettner's the fog had thickened; not the usual peasouper, but the gas-flares on the brass rail outside the poultry shop opposite showed almost red through the murk.

"Better take a four-wheeler," suggested Old Carruthers. "I don't like hansoms in this weather, you never know when the nag is going to go down and fling you out."

But I really don't care. It has been a good day, this February 11th, 1893, and one I shall *always* remember.

AUNT NELLIE : " Here, Charlie, take this penny and buy a bun."
CHARLIE : " Mr. Jones will give me another penny if I go away, won't he, auntie ? "

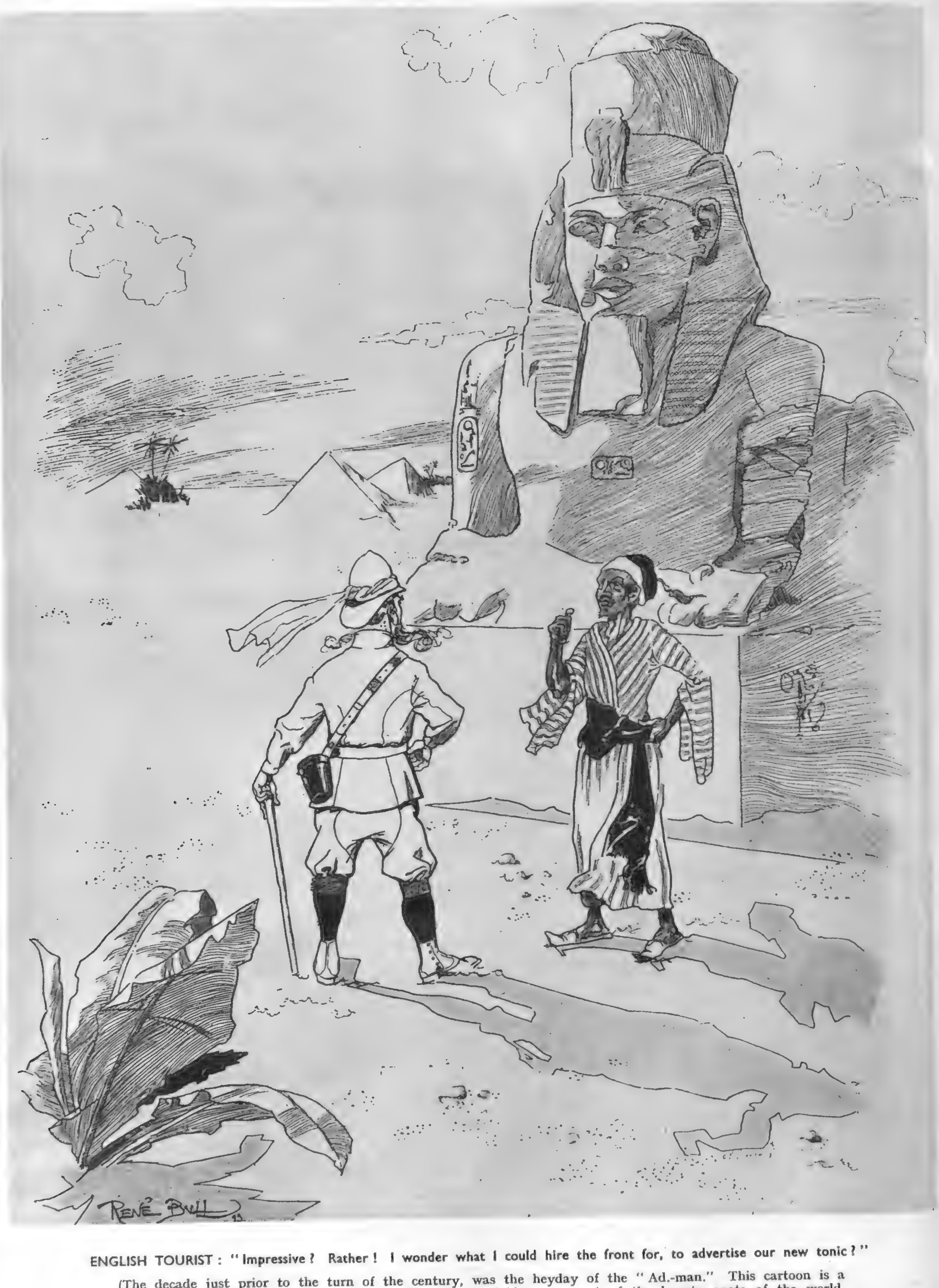
DOCTOR (to badly-scratched patient) : " Cat, I suppose ? "
PATIENT : " No, 'nother lady ! "

ART DEALER : " And this, Madame, is of the Renaissance."
MADAME NOUVEAU-RICHE : " Ah ! yes, Renaissance. Clever fellow. I think I 've met him."

" I wants to go to Uncle 'Arry's funeral, boo-oöh ! "
" You just stops at 'ome this time ; you was at the cirkiss last week."

## PLUS ÇA CHANGE . . .

. . . and if these extracts from our very early issues are not the fathers and mothers of jokes which are still going the rounds, then indeed they must be much older than even we think they are !



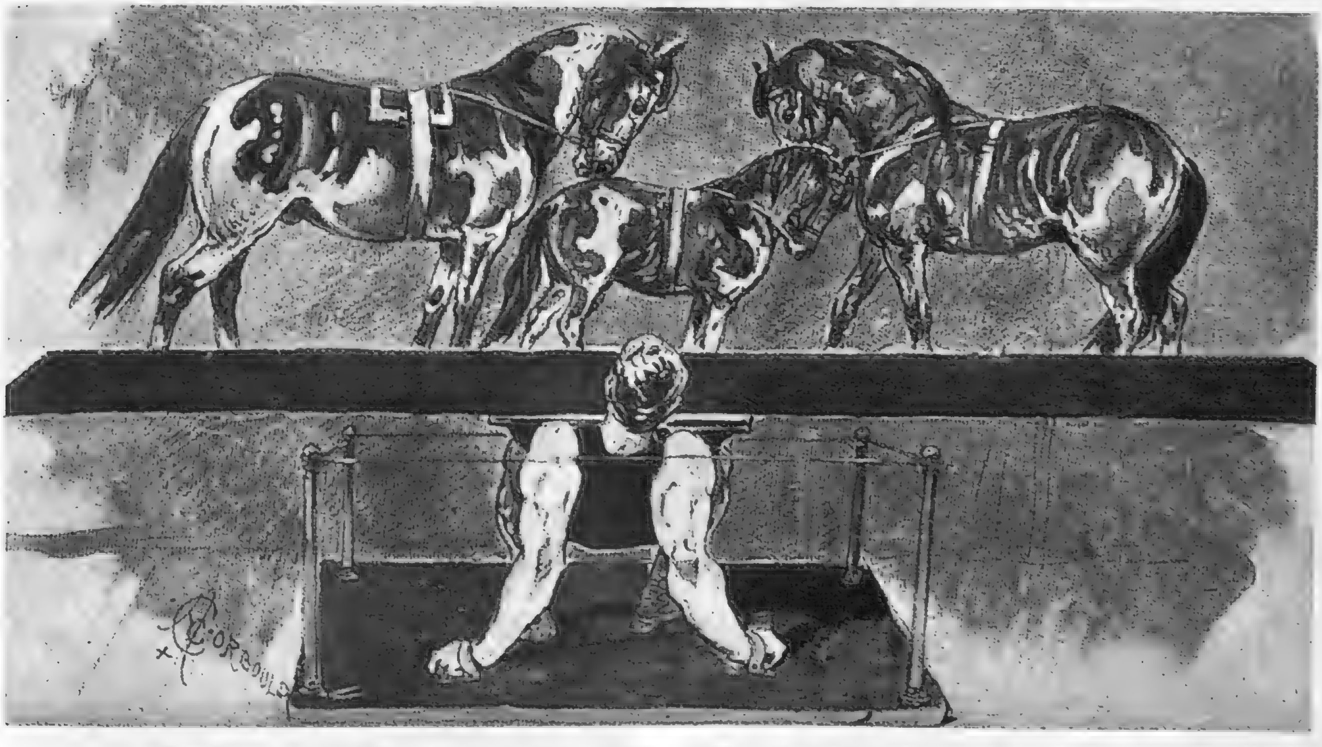

ENGLISH TOURIST : " Impressive ? Rather ! I wonder what I could hire the front for, to advertise our new tonic ? "

(The decade just prior to the turn of the century, was the heyday of the " Ad.-man." This cartoon is a fair comment on those days of poster merchants who laid waste most of the beauty spots of the world, before some public-spirited citizen composed the now classic line, " Stick No Bills.")

# HAD WE FORMED THE HABIT OF TAKING OFF OUR HAT IN 1893, WE SHOULD UNDOUBTEDLY HAVE DOFFED IT TO . . .

" STRIP," the fox-terrier : For being such a good servant to the Crompton Electric Lighting Company, who employed her to lay their copper " Strip " connections along their underground culvert system. *Above :* " Strip " enters the culvert and (*below*) emerges at the other end, having successfully completed her task.

MADEMOISELLE ARNIOTIS : For her remarkable displays of strength. Here this amazing young Frenchwoman balances one of the " stronger " sex aloft *by her teeth*, with apparent ease.



SANDOW : For his incredible feat in balancing three horses, weighing in all 1 ton 6 cwt., on a board across his chest. Sandow assured our interviewer that he indulged in no special diet, beyond avoiding coffee and tea, which he replaced, at breakfast, with " a good sound claret."

## Introducing the Kinetographic Theatre

# LETTER FROM A YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN VISITING AMERICA TO HIS BROTHER IN LONDON

New York. *February*, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

Knowing your insatiable curiosity about all matters scientific, I hasten to write to you by the first steamship, for I have just seen a wonder.

Yesterday I was privileged to be taken by an American gentleman of this city to visit the great inventor, Thomas Alva Edison, at his laboratory in New Jersey, and there I watched a demonstration, not only of *pictures that moved*, but of *moving pictures that were projected on a screen*.

Now you may tell me, my dear brother, that there is nothing new in either of these phenomena. You will remind me of the figures painted upon the pillars of Egyptian temples, in such a manner as to give an illusion of movement; and also of the principle of the persistence of vision, illustrated by the twirling stone of the Balearic slinger and the light of a rapidly-whirled firebrand. You will draw my attention, I have no doubt, to the discoveries of Aristotle and Leonardo da Vinci, and instance the *Magia Catoprica* of the Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher, who astonished the nobility of Rome in the year 1640 with his lantern pictures of devils, demons and skeletons.

Nor will you fail to mention the traumotrope, the phenakistoscope, the fantascope, the phasmatrope, the dædalum, the kinematoscope, the tachyscope, the zoopraxiscope, and that familiar, ingenious toy called the zoetrope, or wheel of life. Yet all these, I assure you, are but trifles beside the wonder I witnessed yesterday.

Permit me to give you an account of my visit to New Jersey. After my friend had presented me to Mr. Edison (I have heard him called the Wizard of West Orange), his assistant, a young Englishman named William Kennedy Laurie Dickson, took us to see the new photographic studio, just completed at a cost of some six hundred and thirty-seven dollars. This is an extraordinary and novel structure. Mr. Dickson described it as "the kinetographic theatre"; but, as you know, my dear William, I have sharp ears, and I distinctly heard several members of Mr. Edison's staff refer to it as "the Black Maria." I should explain that this quaint term is the local *patois*, or what they call *slang*, for a police vehicle, or patrol wagon, in which malefactors are removed to jail.

Mr. Edison's "Black Maria" is a photographic studio swung bridge-fashion from a pivot post. The structure is so hinged, that it can be turned with ease to enable the performers on the open stage to be photographed, at any time of the day, against dark backgrounds in the full light of the sun. The pictures taken in this fashion are designed for use in Mr. Edison's peep-show machine, the Kinetoscope, which, I have heard it whispered, is likely to become the new rage of America.

MR. EDISON'S RECORD OF A SNEEZE

In the photographic building attached to Mr. Edison's studios, we were shown a number of these machines, and Mr. Dickson was good enough to explain their principles to us. The Kinetoscope, as I understand, was originally intended to combine Mr. Edison's phonograph with a practical zoetropic moving-figure device; but in my opinion, William, (and I write this in confidence) it suggests great possibilities of development on its own account. It is a simple mechanism operated by an electric motor, and the film runs continuously in a loop between an electric light and a rapidly revolving shutter. The spectator peeps through a small lens in the box, and receives a continuous impression of *movement*.

The camera with which these pictures are taken is called the Kinetograph. The motions of the actors are recorded on strips of prepared celluloid (Mr. Eastman's stock is preferred) as much as fifty feet long, with perforations on each side of the band. Some of the pictures I was privileged to see were quite startling in their verisimilitude. The most ingenious, perhaps, was a study of the head, in great size (one might almost say that it appeared to be *close up* to the spectator) of a Mr. Fred Ott, a leading mechanic in Mr. Edison's laboratories, who affected to be convulsed with the process of a gigantic sneeze. I was told, in strict confidence, that the sneeze had been produced by *a mixture of pepper and snuff*. A comical note was introduced in the proceedings by the appearance of a mischievous office boy, who slipped up behind Mr. Ott at his desk and *actually shook a pepper pot*. It was impossible to escape the impression, at this moment, that the peep-show might be developed to present an actual play.

My reflections on this account were strengthened by the experimental demonstration that followed, of pictures *projected on a screen five foot square*. In spite of the loss of definition, I was mightily impressed by the results. Mr. Dickson, however, hinted that Mr. Edison does not consider the development of these projected pictures profitable, preferring to confine his activities in this field to the exploitation of the peepshow kinetoscope.

It was intended that a number of these ingenious machines should be exhibited this year at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago; the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Christopher Columbus (to attend which event, as you know, my visit to America was principally directed). It now seems doubtful, however, that a sufficient supply of kinetoscopes will be ready for delivery, and I expect the centre of *moving picture* interest at the World's Fair (as they call this Exposition) to be the Zoopraxographical Hall, in which Mr. Edward Muybridge's animal photographs will be shown by some refinement of the Zoetrope process. (Mr. Muybridge, I need hardly remind you, is the Californian photographer who recently decided a wager in favour of Governor Leland Stanford, by proving, with pictures taken from a battery of cameras at Palo Alto, that a horse when galloping at high speed lifts all four feet simultaneously from the ground.)

I do not intend to decry this Zoopraxiscope, my dear William. I have seen it, and I applaud its ingenuity. But to anyone who has been privileged to watch, as I have, the demonstrations in Mr. Edison's laboratory, all other attempts to confirm the effect of a truly moving picture, and hint at its ultimate development, must seem but trumpery.

I come now to the most remarkable incident of my story. I am told, on the most reliable authority, that Mr. Edison has *taken out no patent to protect his Kinetoscope outside the United States of America*. When he was informed that such an assurance would cost him one hundred and fifty dollars, he replied (or so it is reported) that the expense was not worth while.

Now this, my dear brother, would appear to me a negligence so gross as to be almost unbelievable, were it not that I have been privileged to meet Mr. Edison, and to realize, with sympathy, how his increasing deafness may have attached his interests more and more closely to the phonograph, the Symbol of the sense that he is losing. Nevertheless, the facts seem incontrovertible. Within a few months, hundreds of these picture machines will be upon the American market. They will become the rage of bar parlours, and the attraction of touring entertainments. It is inconceivable that some of them will not find their way to Europe, and I am unready to believe that London and Paris are so devoid of practical scientists that Mr. Edison's neglected invention will not be borrowed and possibly improved upon.

You may call me a romantic, my dear William, when I ask you to remember how, as boys, we used to stand and gaze into that London shop-window of William Friese-Greene, the fashionable photographer, wondering at those pictures of successive phases of motion made on a single glass plate; and how we dreamt, fantastically in those days, of pictures that would move and give the similitude of action. The wonders I saw yesterday in New Jersey not only confirmed me in the propriety of dreaming, but in the belief that scientific adventurers everywhere are on the brink of a wonderful new discovery. I would even be prepared to wager, in this year of grace 1893, that you and I, if we are permitted to enjoy our allotted span, may even live to hear *moving pictures speaking*.

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES.

## OUR 1893 FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

# FASHIONS UP TO DATE

*Right :*
The shop windows are doing their best to convince us by their displays of hats and bonnets that felts and feathers are quite out of date, and the reign of straw and flowers has commenced. I was fascinated by the array I discovered, and have pleasure in commending to you a smart hat that I vow will make the most confirmed bonnet-lover waver in her allegiance. The brim is straw, crowned with green velvet, a bow of this velvet standing up at the back, while nodding red roses with their leaves and buds rise from the front. A hat such as this could be worn with almost any gown.

*Below :*
It is not easy to find perfection, but I really think I have succeeded in discovering something remarkably akin to that very desirable quality. It is this exquisite tea-gown, given the name of "Geraldine," and I could not take away my eyes from the richness of the fabric and the beauty of the design, which is shown to perfection by the absolute simplicity. The gown is fashioned in mauve velvet, which hangs in folds, forming a slight train, the hem being edged with frilled silk. The corsage and the wrists are richly decorated with handsome, creamy-hued lace, to give the finishing touches.

## THE BLOOMER PARLIAMENT

"Hearken now, O daughter of Eve, unto the Chronicle of the Bloomer Parliament—And behold, after the meetings that dissolved in tears by the waters of Lake Michigan, the women that had wept arose and dried their eyes, and said—'Go to now, let us hold a Parliament—yea, a mighty Parliament of women, that shall solve the problems of the universe which men have failed to solve.' And forthwith there was mirth by the waters of Lake Michigan, and laughter in the streets of the White City, where there had been weeping. For out of the Wild West came wild women wearing bloomers, and did walk in the streets of the White City. And the street-boy who dwelleth in Chicago did laugh and say, 'Ha, ha!' and did point the finger of scorn at the bloomers and the wearers thereof.

"But when they came into the halls where the Parliament of women should meet, behold, the women were as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude, and the sound of their voices was as the sound of many waters—yea, even as the waters of Niagara. And when the great halls—the Hall of Columbus and the Hall of Washington—were filled, there were of the fragments of the Eternal Feminine that remained six halls full.

"And there were some that wore frocks, and not bloomers; but unto those that wore bloomers were given the best places, and it was said unto them—'Friends, go up higher—yea, even upon the table—that thy bloomerism may be seen of men.' And one of the Bloomerites arose and told how she had worn bloomers in the highways of Yankeedom, and how the men and the youth of Yankeedom had pointed the finger of scorn at the Bloomerites, so that these became afraid, and were few in number. And they that wore bloomers sighed and murmured, 'Pioneers, oh, pioneers!' And a woman of Syria arose and told how the women of Syria were Bloomerites even from their birth. And one who had beauty, but not bloomers, arose and said—'Is not beauty greater than Bloomerism, and the Eternal Feminine mightier than her frocks?' And the Bloomerites were wroth, and murmured—'Oh, daughter of Eve!'

"And there was strife between the Bloomerites and the Jenners-Millerites. And elsewhere in the eight halls were women who arose and spoke of the rights of Woman (with a capital) and did tell the tale of woman from the days of the first woman who did make unto herself bloomers of fig-leaves in the Garden of Eden. But above all other voices rose the voices of the Bloomerites who spoke not of the Eternal Feminine but of her frocks. And when the

(Continued overleaf.)

## OUR 1893 FASHION PORTFOLIO
(*continued*)

# FASHIONS UP TO DATE

*Left :*
I am commending to you this magnificent sealskin mantle, with its collar, cuffs and facings in beaver. This indeed would be a protection against our often inclement weather, and for extra warmth there is a wrist-length cape, with a quilted satin lining, this cape being edged with fringed braid. To surmount this rich coat, there is a handsome hat in black velvet, with the crown decorated with ostrich feathers and velvet ribbon.

*Right :*
There are many among us who are tempted by the game of tennis, and who call for a simple gown that will give them freedom for untrammelled movement. For them I have discovered the ideal tennis costume, and although I myself do not participate in this game, I was very much tempted by this simple but becoming gown. In cream-coloured flannel, the skirt is very plain, and so is the jacket with its cape-collar and sleeves. The only ornament on both jacket and skirt being embroidered in yellow silk, which prevents masculine severity. The blouse is also absolutely free of decoration, but for yellow smocking on the plain cream silk. There is even more simplicity in the cream hat, with its large, yellow ribbon bow. This costume would grace any tennis party.

## THE BLOOMER PARLIAMENT (*continued*)

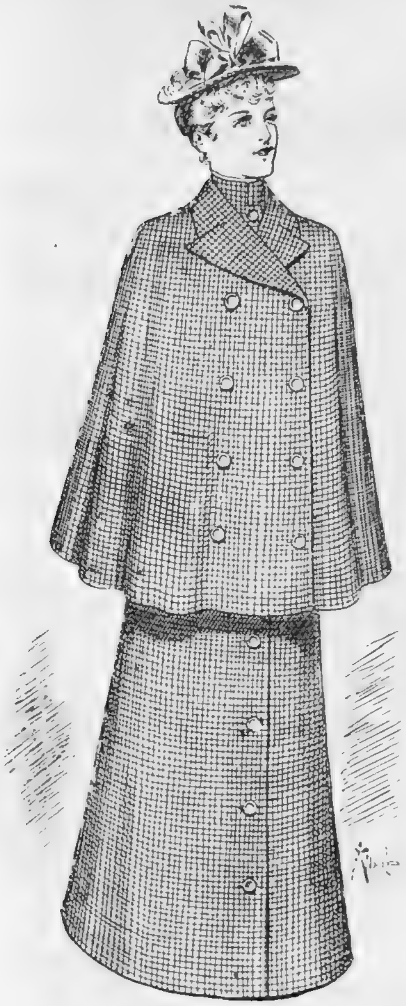
women across the seas sent and said—' Tell us, O Parliament ! O mighty Parliament of women ! Tell us wherewithal ye have solved the problems of the world.'

" And the sister world of women made answer to the women across the seas, ' With bloomers.' And when they had thus made answer the women of the Bloomer Parliament raised a great shout, so that the floor of the hall trembled, fell, and with it fell the Bloomer Parliament.

" And again there was weeping by the waters of Lake Michigan. And man arose and said, ' How are the Bloomerites fallen in the midst of battle ! ' And the daughters of Eve triumphed and arose and clothed themselves in scarlet, and not in bloomers. And there was silence by the shores of Lake Michigan, for the Bloomerites were not, and their voices were silent in the land."

## " AND WHEN THEY 'RE ON, WHAT ARE THEY ? "

" Our speciality is tights," said a well-known theatrical costumiér the other day, " although we can turn out an actress or a ballet from head ornaments to boots when required. Amateurs are a real nuisance to us—they are far and away more faddy than ladies of the profession, and they make a great deal of bother, as they very frequently object to the close and accurate measuring absolutely necessary to ensure a fit. Some of the thinnest and most natural coloured goods we have made have been for society women and girls, who try and compensate for their ' tights ' transparency by wearing an extra lot of lace underthings. I can tell you some of these lady amateurs are pretty ' frisky ' and I think that most people would think some of my young lady customers rather ' rapid ' if they knew that about twenty of them have formed a dancing society, where they are diligently practising, in addition to the ordinary skirt dances, the *cancan*, and other steps of the Moulin Rouge order. These," said he, taking up apparently a pair of very long semi-detached stockings of a somewhat brilliant tone of pink, " are made of cotton, and are intended for a girl who does a ' turn ' on the trapeze in a well-known provincial circus. They 'll stand a good deal of pulling—it isn't as if they were silk, you see. Now, it 's a different matter altogether with a pair like these," taking up a pale mauve snaky-looking article, " which are for one of the girls in *Morocco Bound*. They are made of the finest silk and, indeed, she could scarcely wear them except under the loose trousers. When she tried them on you could see her skin through them ! They are ticklish things, I can assure you, to get into. ' And when they 're on, what are they ? ' as I once heard a scene-shifter say."



*Left :*
We all of us love to travel, and whether we journey in this country or venture abroad to the Continent, or maybe even further afield, we need a tailored and comfortable mantle to keep the dust and travel-stains away from our smart new gowns. I have discovered such a mantle, and show you an illustration of it here. The under-mantle buttons tidily from the neck-band to the hemline, in single-buttoning. The cape hangs trimly from the shoulders, with double-breasted fastenings. Although it hangs straight, there is ample room for movement of the arms. In contrast to the sober tones of the dark-blue and grey cloth are the green ribbons on the smart little straw hat.

*Right :*
It is sometimes a joy to find a simple and girlish gown, in contrast to the elaborate confections in the styles of the present time, and it is with pleasure that I show you the charming evening dress I have discovered. It is styled in pink satin, with full puff sleeves, finished with frills of pleated satin, and the vest is pleated in the same way, with folds of draped satin, tying at the waist-line. The skirt has drapery coming over from the back, the hemline being trimmed with frills of pleating. The simple corsage is trimmed with roses in a darker shade of pink than the dress, enhancing the beauty of young shoulders.

*Bottom right :*
Every woman has a burning desire to add to her natural beauty with the richness of velvet and the softness of fur, and who could deny herself the exquisite beauty of this toque, pelerine and wee muff, in brown velvet and sable, which would give added charm to any smart walking costume, or even a plain gown. The illustration speaks for itself, and I vow that this delightful trio will find their way into the wardrobes of many of my readers before the year comes to an end.

## 1893.—A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN RUSSIA

MADAM,—It is to such as you I wish to appeal, for by the context of your epistle in *The Sketch* of February 22 I see you must be a person of taste. I love and adore pretty women and, though as ill-luck will have it, I am (as one of my friends observed) beginning to look like a valuable beaver—in spite of this, in spite of age and grey hairs, I love to see a pretty woman and, besides, a pretty woman well dressed. But where, oh where, are the prettily dressed women ? They belong to the memories of fifteen to twenty years ago. And I will tell you why I say so. Take, for instance, Miss Fanny B's gown, which you admire so much. How can a dress be beautiful which makes the shoulders twice the breadth they should be and hides the beautiful form of the arms ? Take your " smart gown " in *The Sketch* of March 15, page 446. Shall I tell you what I think of it ? It is a lovely design for a pen-wiper. Women of to-day dress themselves like windmills—broad above, then narrow, then broad below. Go and ask an artist what dress should be. Should it be at right angles to the body, or should the lines be flowing and express the curves of the body ? Then you say " tight shoes or boots are a misery." Quite so. I must confess to being a very great admirer of pretty feet. And let me tell you that no woman on earth can get a ready-made boot or shoe to fit her properly, excepting by the merest chance.

Of course, I can say nothing against the present fashions, as they hide the figure so entirely that the deformed and badly-shaped women, in the hands of the cunning dressmaker, can be made into living windmills or pen-wipers and you can see nothing.

One word more : look at the " new cape." Tell me what ladies look like in it. Why, like link-bearers or beadles in the time of Hogarth, or like the present mutes in Germany, or the hansom-cab driver on a wet day in London. Certainly, a more unladylike covering could not be devised : and that you call beautiful ! Oh, woman ! why wilt thou hide thy form divine ? How nice it is to walk behind a lady now on a rainy day. Her cloak reaches two inches or more on the ground, sweeps all the wet, and looks the picture of beauty ; then her long dress is held up in a way that makes a lump under her cloak. It rouses my worst feelings : it looks so beautiful ! It is almost as beautiful as the ladies who are going to wear their skirts five inches off the ground. There is moderation in all things : the woman who has a dress just long enough, and not too long, just long enough to allow a glimpse of a lovely foot when she steps, but not all, that makes you long for another look, and still you cannot quite see it—this, to my mind, is the perfection of length of dress. The suggestive, not the crude, should always be the theme in woman's dress. And how beautifully you can dress, and how badly you do dress now ! If you were to make dots on the extreme limits of the picture of a present dress and join them by straight lines, it would remind one of some mathematical problem to square the circle instead of the beautiful curve. Look at the figure on the cover of *The Sketch* and you will see what I mean. Surely, we shall look on the fashions of 1893 in 1937 as we now look on the fashions of 1849 on page 423 in *The Sketch* of March 15. Surely, Madam, the ladies of to-day are like your beautiful jewellery. Are they all so beautiful that you cannot tell the real, or are they all false jewels ? I would not dare to write so plainly if I did not act the coward and hide myself under the name of

GREY BEAVER.

## OUR 1893 FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

# FASHIONS UP TO DATE

I have seen many walking costumes this year, but a most fascinating gown was revealed to me the other day, which I take pleasure in showing to my readers. Fashioned in serge, it has a double-tiered skirt, edged with black velvet and braid, which are also used to finish off the wide revers. These part to show a full vest of satin, beautifully embroidered, and the sleeves are handsomely puffed. The hat, which is straw with a velvet bow tying below the chin, has a crown massed with blush-pink roses.

I succumbed to the charms of this exquisite gown in satin and velvet, and truth to tell, I think its appeal will be widespread. From a velvet bodice, inlet with guipure lace, spring the novel cape sleeves in velvet, overlaid with satin, which serve as epaulettes to the bell-shaped, pleated sleeves, which again are sheltering the normal wrist-tight sleeves. The bell skirt is slashed with bands of velvet, and breaks at the hem into a frill of pleated satin. The wearer of this gown would be charming indeed.

## COMMENTS ON THE CRINOLINE

I hear from a lady whose position at Court should be a guarantee of the truth of her assertion, that though Her Majesty has declined to be drawn into an official declaration of war against the expected invasion of crinoline, she had expressed her opinion on the matter privately, in such a way that it is impossible that the hateful and unsightly garment will be tolerated at Court. The Princess of Wales is as opposed to steel and horse-hair as her Royal Mother-in-law, for on receiving from a certain "swagger" dressmaker, who carries on business not a hundred miles from Piccadilly, a gown stiffened with these materials, she promptly returned it, that this approach to the abhorred crinoline might be removed.

In Tennessee, a lady in one of the rural districts resolved to introduce the crinoline, and the other Sunday morning, sailed up the aisle of the church in all the glory of the hoop. Her skirts swept around the feet of one gentleman, whose devotions gave way to curses, not loud but deep. They were quite loud enough for the lady to hear, and she told her husband. A fight was the result there and then, the relatives and friends of both parties engaging in the battle. Women fainted and children screamed, while the men emerged with broken heads. Several of the combatants are "gunning" for each other, and the crinoline fad is on the decline.

Last week I met the long-threatened monstrosity on a street-corner. As I gazed after the undulating and retreating figure of the lady who had the audacity to don this hideous garment, the crossing-sweeper observed to his female companion, "Well, she 'ave got a bloomin' cheek!" to which his lady friend replied, "Gar, I daresay she 's paid to do it—a kind of advertisement, don't-cher-know. I 'd wear the blessed thing myself for half a thick 'un."

*As a tribute to the Publishers of 'The Sketch' and because we think readers of the Jubilee Number will find it diverting, we reproduce here, for comparison, a Hovis advertisement which appeared in the Christmas Number of 1893, together with our most recent "copy"*

HOVIS LIMITED

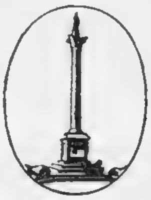
1893

1953

# More appetite for life

If we want to live well, in fact really to enjoy the things we like and to add new charm and energy to our daily lives, then we shall do better to choose our food with care and understanding. Hovis *does* contain the heart of the wheat—and that's good. Good enough to give you more appetite for life . . .

**and thank Hovis for that**



# HAMPTONS

*of Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1*

*Sixty years ago the first issue of* The Sketch *carried a Hampton advertisement. Today, as then, Hamptons is the natural choice of those who recognise the true value of craftsmanship in furniture and furnishing.*

HAMPTON & SONS LTD.

1830-1953

CVS-269

# "CADBURY'S"

"The Typical Cocoa of English Manufacture. Absolutely Pure."
*The Analyst.*

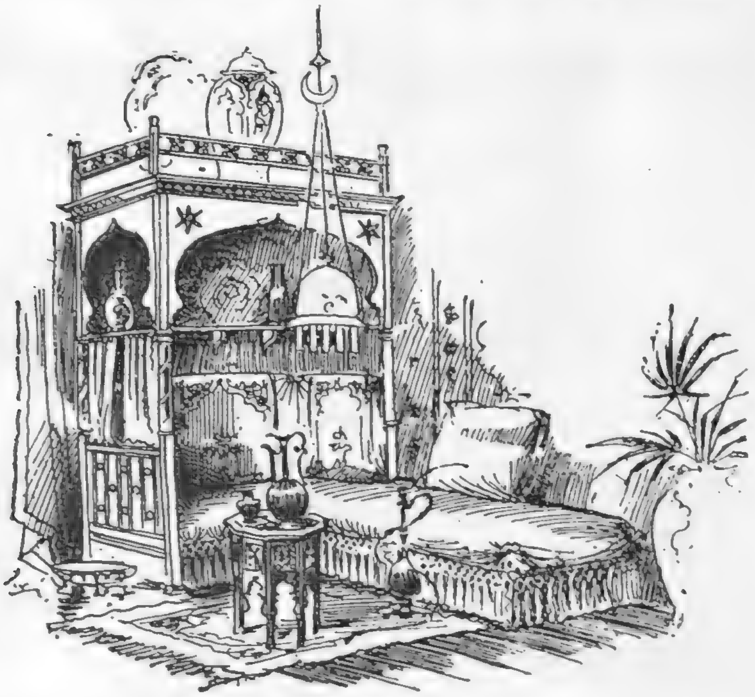
"The name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of Purity."
*Medical Annual.*

NO CHEMICALS USED

(As in many of the so-called Pure Foreign Cocoas).

# SUSAN CARR'S 1893 SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

What will our readers think, I wonder, of the magnanimity of my friend, who has arranged to let her future husband luxuriate in a smoking-room fitted with a Moorish corner? The cosy corner seat is continued



into a most luxurious couch, which, when the curtains are drawn and all draughts relegated, is a veritable dream of comfort. I feel it is my duty to add that I cannot recommend this for every husband.

* * *

At the Faulkner Diamond Company in Regent Street, the ladies will find diamond ear-rings fitted with 18-carat gold mounts for only 21s. The purity and dark rich lustre of the stones, which are faceted by the first Lapidaries of the day, are unsurpassable. Allow me to let you into a secret—they are made of the purest crystal, but with such skill that detection when wearing them need never be feared.

* * *

Servants are frequently careless with china; I fear they do not always sufficiently value their master's "time and property." If you have suffered from breakages recently, you are sure to be interested in the Henley tea service which Messrs. Oetzmann's are selling at 12s. 6d. The set is comprised of forty pieces patterned in Kaga red with gold edges and lines, ample for a small tea-party of twelve persons.

* * *

The wonderful new Christy Bread Knife will doubtless prove of inestimable value to busy housewives. It will cut new bread—really new—into thin slices and is equally good for stale bread and cake. At only 2s. 6d., it could almost be said to be indispensable.

* * *

Nothing looks so inelegant as frayed-out binding, and yet, try as we may, the most carefully-kept dress shows signs of dilapidation round the hem in a woefully short time. Ladies who contemplate binding the hems of their gowns with leather would do well to follow my example and use Bias Valutina; I always have the bottom of my dresses bound with it instead of braid. I find that it wears three times as long and does not rub the boots or shoes so much.

* * *

A rather novel plan has been put into operation by Messrs. Spiers and Pond at their numerous restaurants. To save the dyspeptics among their customers the trouble of carrying with them their own digestive, this enterprising establishment supplies the excellent Pepsalia in the form of table salt.

* * *

Our readers who have attended the Drawing Rooms must all have found how wearisome and difficult a task it is to hold a large bouquet of delicate flowers for so long a time without a support. An original idea from Mrs. Robert Green, the famous florist, has been carried out by Messrs. Mappin and Webb in the "Debutante" bouquet-holder, a most ingenious contrivance. It is arranged to fasten into a small socket, which is to be screwed to one of the front panels of the carriage. I have no hesitation in saying that every carriage should be fitted with one of these sockets, and no lady should be without a corresponding holder, as its convenience is too apparent to require further comment. Complete with plate and screws, it can be purchased in Prince's plate for 42s., or in sterling silver for £4.

* * *

In many of the better-known stores I have recently seen reversible cretonnes at only 9½d. a yard, and real Witney blankets at 12s. 6d. a pair. In the carpet departments, Royal Axminster is 3s. 11d. to 5s. 3d. a yard, Wilton pile 3s. 9d. to 4s. 11d. a yard, while Tapestry carpets are 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a yard.

* * *

The "Venus" corset shield will be of great interest to those ladies who find that their corsets are liable to break over the hips, or give way at the most inconvenient moments. The "Venus" shield ends such troubles and makes new corsets last twice as long, while old and broken corsets may be reworn. I was very surprised to find this most useful accessory costs only 6s. 11d.—a qualification at which my economical soul rejoiced greatly.

* * *

An excellent lotion which helps to guard against lank wisps and ensures that one's fringe always looks well is "Zoelia," a little of which should be applied to the hair before using the curling-irons. If you damp the hair slightly before applying the "Zoelia," you will find yourself in the same position as the woman whose hair curls naturally. I have used it for many months myself, and when I was away at the seaside last summer, I tremble to think what would have happened to me but for its aid.

* * *

For the gentleman who is contemplating re-stocking his wine-cellar, I would recommend Clos de Beau Repaire Burgundy at 24s. a dozen; Monopole Scotch Whisky, so dear to the hearts of our menfolk, is 40s. a dozen.

* * *

I found myself unable to leave Mrs. Farey's shop in Regent Street without getting something for the younger and more frivolous folk, so I pounced (thanks to my "Venus" shield, I did not need to worry about my corsets) upon a dainty new bandeau, very rightly called "the Chic," which is only 6s. 6d. and would be a highly suitable present for one girl friend to make to another. It is of fancy gold gimp, with a high bow of black lace in front held erect by a gold wire edging, which, with a brilliant buckle, forms a pretty finish.

* * *

The number of ladies who cycle, both at home and in France, seems to be increasing by leaps and bounds. One of the very latest developments for the benefit of fair cyclists has just been introduced in the form of an attachment consisting of two small wheels, which run one on each side of the ordinary driving wheel, and keep the machine from falling over, at the same time enabling the rider to rest decorously and stop without dismounting.

* * *

Draughts will penetrate even into the best-run establishments, so I know you will like to hear about a handsome Japanese four-fold screen which is 5 ft. high by 7 ft. 6 ins. wide when open, and has gold-embroidered panels, at Messrs. Oetzmann and Company for 14s. 9d.

* * *

There is a quite wonderful chair for small children, in all the leading stores, at the moment, at a cost of only 21s. This chair is aptly called "The Triumph," and can be used first as a high-chair for baby to sit in at table, then lowered a little, when a board for toys and games can be pulled out; with only another simple movement, it can be transformed into a rocking-chair.

* * *

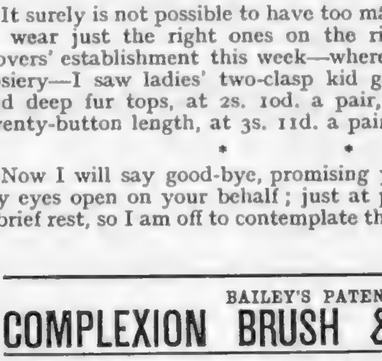
It surely is not possible to have too many gloves—and it is so important to wear just the right ones on the right occasion. At a well-known glovers' establishment this week—where they also specialise in fans and hosiery—I saw ladies' two-clasp kid gloves, with fancy striped linings and deep fur tops, at 2s. 10d. a pair, and most elegant suede gloves, twenty-button length, at 3s. 11d. a pair.

* * *

Now I will say good-bye, promising you that I will continue to keep my eyes open on your behalf; just at present I think they have earned a brief rest, so I am off to contemplate the Beauties of Nature for a change.

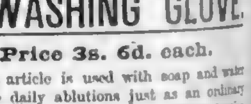
BAILEY'S PATENT RUBBER

COMPLEXION BRUSH & WASHING GLOVE.



**Price 3s. 6d. each.**

This article is used with soap and water in the daily ablutions just as an ordinary washing glove. It causes a gentle friction (the only real and natural skin preserver), and is consequently unequalled for keeping a firm, clear complexion. Its use renders the skin delightfully fresh, soft, and smooth. It is especially recommended for bathing the delicate skin of infants and children.



CLEAN HANDS

**For Everyone, no matter what the occupation.**

Nothing has ever been invented that will so thoroughly cleanse and whiten the hands as our **Rubber Brush.** Used with soap and water it will remove all kinds of stains; **Ink, Tar, Iron Stains,** and Paint yielding easily to it, without injuring the most delicate skin, as is done by using pumice stone, bristle brushes, &c.

**Price 1s. Larger Size, price 2s.**

We are also the makers of BAILEY'S Celebrated **Rubber Bath & Flesh Brushes,** price 5s. each **Rubber Tooth Brushes,** price **10d.** and **1s.** each; and **Teething Rings,** price **5d.** each.

*SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES. MANUFACTURED BY*

DAVID MOSELEY & SON,

14, Aldermanbury Avenue, London, E.C.; Ardwick, Manchester; & 57, Miller Street, Glasgow.

# IF YOU COUGH

TAKE

# GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

*Containing the purest essence of Norway Pine Tar, these Pastilles are infinitely superior to all other preparations, without presenting the objectionable properties of most other remedial agents, whose action is due to the dangerous narcotics employed in their composition.*

**GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES ACT, BY INHALATION AND ABSORPTION, DIRECTLY UPON THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS:**

**THE LARYNX, BRONCHIA, LUNGS, &c.,**

AND ARE INVALUABLE AS A REMEDY FOR

**COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, THROAT IRRITATION, HOARSENESS, CATARRH, ASTHMA, &c.**

### Testimonial from Mme. ALBANI.

*I have been using Géraudel's Pastilles for some time, and can testify to their being most efficacious for cough or irritation of the throat.*
*There is no doubt of their being of great service to singers.*
*I am,*
*Yours very faithfully,*
*E. ALBANI GYE.*

### Testimonial from Mrs. LANGTRY.

*Your Pastilles for the throat and voice have been tried by me, and I am happy to testify to their beneficial results.*
*Yours faithfully,*
*LILLIE LANGTRY.*

### Testimonial from Mme. M. ROZE.

*For some time past I have used Géraudel's Pastilles, and they have done me great good.*
*MARIE ROZE.*

### Testimonial from Mme. MELBA.

*I find your Pastilles excellent for the throat. I very often use them when I am hoarse, and they do me a great deal of good.*
*Yours faithfully,*
*NELLIE MELBA.*

### Testimonial from Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

*I have pleasure in informing you that I have tried your Pastilles with great success, and although suffering from a very bad cold they gave me such relief that I was enabled to continue my performance without interruption. I can thoroughly recommend them for strengthening and clearing the voice.*
*Yours very truly,*
*FLORENCE ST. JOHN.*

### Testimonial from Mme. SIGRID ARNOLDSON.

*The effect of your Pastilles is simply marvellous. I shall always recommend them to my artiste friends.*
*Yours truly,*
*SIGRID ARNOLDSON.*

### Testimonial from M. COQUELIN ainé.

*I have used your pills with great benefit to myself. Please, therefore, send me a few more cases. You are at liberty to publish these few lines.*
*Yours very truly,*
*COQUELIN.*

### Testimonial from Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT.

*The cold weather is upon us; so be kind enough to send me a further supply of Géraudel's Pastilles.—Compliments.*
*SARAH BERNHARDT.*

## THEIR EFFECT IS INSTANTANEOUS.

**MORE EFFICACIOUS AND CHEAPER** than any other pectoral preparation.

Upwards of **FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND PATIENTS** are cured every year by using these famous Pastilles; more than **Forty Thousand** have sent testimonials as to their wonderful efficacy, amongst whom are:

MEDICAL MEN, ACTORS, PROFESSORS, CLERGYMEN, OFFICERS, MAGISTRATES, &c., &c.

Price per case, **1/1½**. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or sent post free on receipt of price from the Wholesale Depot for Great Britain:

**FASSETT & JOHNSON, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.**


*An advertisement from one of the very early issues of The Sketch in 1893.*

# At home or away

There is nothing to equal Scotch Whisky — whether enjoyed at home or away. How extra good it is when you choose "Black & White". Blended in the special "Black & White" way this fine Scotch Whisky is the perfect drink at any time and for all occasions.

## "BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

*The Secret is in the Blending*

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI.
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

fill up and

**feel the difference**

## FLY 'SPRINGBOK' TO

## South Africa

THREE FLIGHTS WEEKLY by South African Airways to Johannesburg via Rome, Khartoum and Nairobi. One service per week calls at Frankfurt. Fully pressurized 4-engined Constellation aircraft. Complimentary meals and mealtime drinks. No gratuities. British Overseas Airways also provide three flights weekly by Comet to Johannesburg on the 'Springbok' Service which is operated jointly by S.A.A. and B.O.A.C.

• *CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT; B.O.A.C. OR SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS*

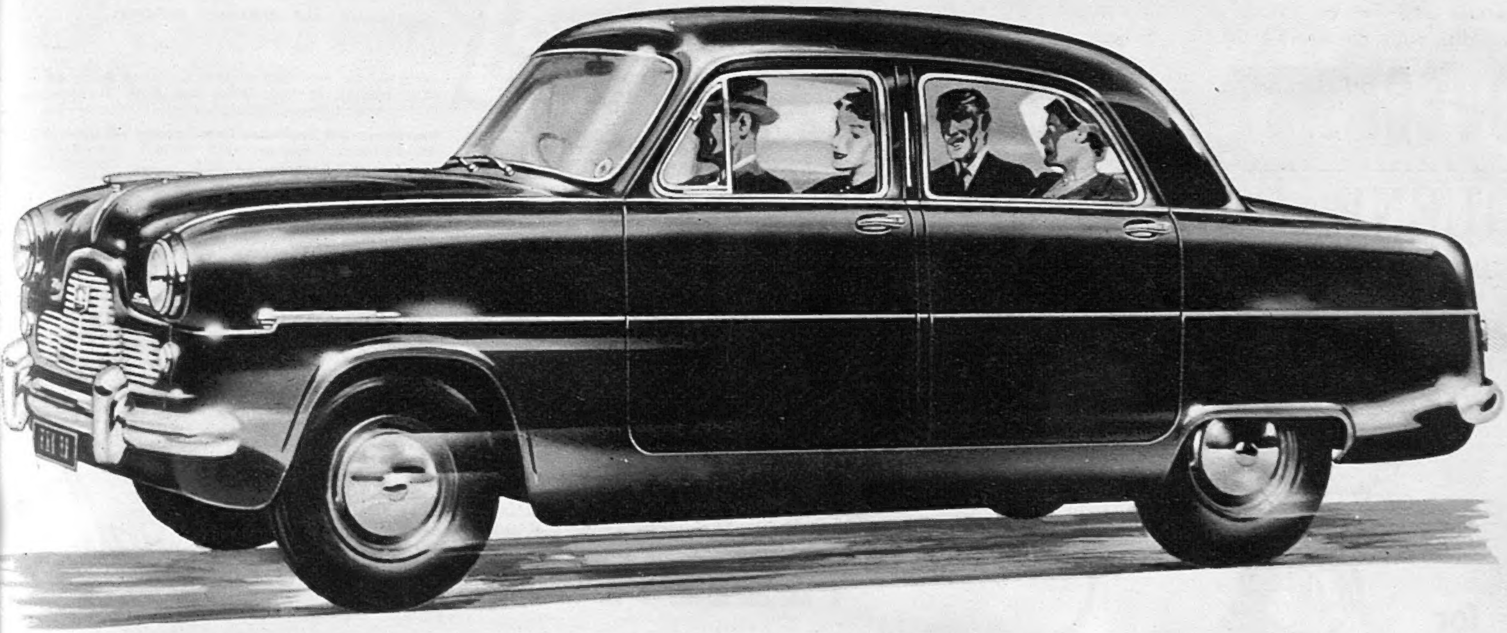
## SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2
*Telephone:* WHITEHALL 4488

***Amongst those present*** *. . . a car that fulfils many roles—as smartly right at a wedding as for a country run. The Zephyr-Six gives you—when you want it—sports car performance with limousine luxury.*

*The Zephyr 6*

# is an exciting car



There's an unmistakable 'feel' about it . . . an urge, a responsiveness—something that very few cars can give you and certainly no cars in *this* price range. Brilliant acceleration (0-50 m.p.h. in 14 seconds) . . . that's the famous Zephyr 'Over-Square' engine. The Zephyr-Six has qualities which you can discover only by taking the wheel yourself. This can be quickly arranged.

ZEPHYR-SIX £532 PLUS PURCHASE TAX £297.1.1

DIEU ET MON DROIT

BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD.

**Ford ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ MOTORING**

*The best at lowest cost*

*Invitation to a Trial Run*

TO: FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD.
DAGENHAM

*Please arrange for my nearest Ford Dealer to give me a trial run in a Zephyr-Six.*

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

SK.I.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

C'est le jour où mon oncle
IT IS THE DAY ON WHICH MY
'très flirt' boit un Dubonnet à la
FLIRTATIOUS UNCLE DRINKS ONE DUBONNET TO THE
mémoire de chacune des bien-
MEMORY OF EACH OF THE
aimées à laquelle il a témoigné
LADY-LOVES TO WHOM HE HAS TESTIFIED
sa dévotion immortelle.
HIS UNDYING DEVOTION.

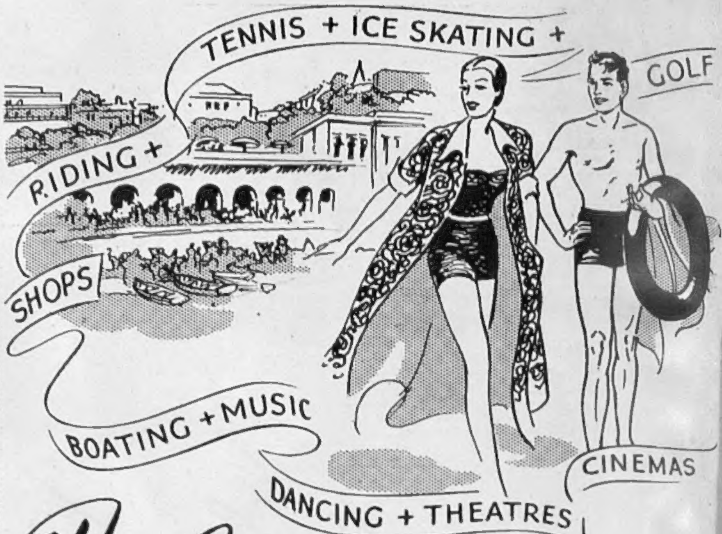
*(Quel romantique incorrigible!)*
WHAT AN INCORRIGIBLE ROMANTIC!

Why not send a bottle of Dubonnet to your Valentine with a few well-chosen words about loving-cups? Dubonnet, the most famous of French aperitifs, is highly experienced in such matters and can be relied upon to convey your warmest thoughts with the utmost finesse. A large bottle costs 20/-.

**DUBONNET** DOES NOT AFFECT THE LIVER

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS






*The Carnival Spirit*

No continental plage can offer, even in its high season, a more enchanting programme than Bournemouth. Here, in its six-mile stretch of golden sands, you may swim or sun-bathe; you may saunter in the lovely parks and gardens; you can play golf, tennis, bowls. You may ride, ice-skate or dance. Theatres, Concerts and Cinemas all contribute to a Carnival Spirit that in Bournemouth continues throughout the year.

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*Bournemouth*
BRITAIN'S ALL-SEASONS RESORT

*Write for the New Bournemouth Guide, enclosing 6d. (P.O. please), or Free Folder and Hotel List from W. Birtwistle, Information Bureau, Room 57, Westover Rd.*

Restaurant Car Expresses from London (Waterloo) All-Pullman "Bournemouth Belle" runs daily.



GLENEAGLES
HOTEL
PERTHSHIRE

for luxury leisure

Open from Easter to the end of October

*Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager*

FOR **Acid Indigestion**

**SO QUICK** *to relieve acidity*
**SO PLEASANT** *to taste*
**SO HANDY** *for pocket or bag*

**'MILK OF MAGNESIA'** (REGD.)
**TABLETS**

30 Tablets 1/5 • 75 Tablets 2/10 • 150 Tablets 4/11

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

*Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" Bread and butter*

*I love*

MARIE BRIZARD
**APRY**

*the liqueur of the* **Apricot**

*★ Available from Wine Merchants and Stores throughout the United Kingdom.*
*Sole Distributors: Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.*



**BREAST SUPPORTER SPECIALIST**

*Trade Mark. Regd. Design Patents. Copyright*
*(Established 1917)*

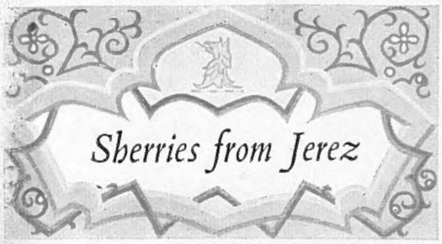
BREAST SUPPORTER, which GIVES UPLIFT, COMFORT and IMMEDIATELY RELIEVES PAIN and INFLAMMATION. It prevents SORENESS, CHAFING and STOOPING. Recommended for girls for Sports, Riding, Golf, etc. Also most important for Maternity and Nursing Mothers. Should be worn both DAY and NIGHT. Tel. WELBECK

*Various prices for different ments and sizes.*

For small figures, white fine material.
White material for heavy figures.
Pink Silk or low back model. From £1
JOU JOU is made to individual measurements
Personal Fitting when calling or send particulars
Jou Jou made in all sizes large and small
Describe your case, send stamped addressed envelope
**Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post.**

*Obtainable only from*
**JOU JOU, 32, Baker St. London,**

Chaplins is a name to conjure with in the wine trade—for it is close on ninety years since Chaplins brought their first batch of fine sherries from Jerez de la Frontera. Connoisseurs of sherry whether their taste be for light or dark, say Chaplins and there's an end to it. Chaplins it has to be. Here's a choice of six of the best to suit all tastes.



**CHAPLINS**

*fine sherries*
*and Concord ports*

**CELESTA** *a delicate pale dry Fino*
**MARINA** *a rare Manzanilla*
**St. TERESA** *distinctive Amontillado*
**PLAZA** *an old golden Oloroso*
**TOM BOWLING** *rich brown Oloroso*
**TARANTELA** *traditional dark sherry*

*W. H. Chaplin & Co. Ltd, Tower Hill, London, EC3*
*W. H. Chaplin & Co. (Scotland) Ltd, 53 Bothwell Street, Glasgow*

**Lindt**

THE
CHOCOLATE
OF THE
CONNOISSEUR

ROD. LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

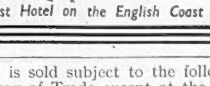
***..I always stay at the Palace***

—because I not only like a game of golf without going miles for it but I also find that the 'Palace' supplies everything I want for a holiday—it's the only hotel I know which has its own resident professionals and caters for golfers, tennis players, swimmers, as well as for those people who want a quiet holiday—and the food, well you know how good that is!

Sporting holidays or not, the Palace—situated in the lovely Devonshire countryside — provides the comfort, service and cuisine, so essential to the perfect holiday. Send now for fully illustrated brochure.

**PALACE HOTEL**
**TORQUAY**

*Manager:*
*George Conquest, F.H.C.I*
*Telephone: 2271*



The Finest Hotel on the English Coast

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd

*At all Events—make it*

**VAT 69**

SCOTCH WHISKY

*in the Distinctive Bottle*

*Scotch Whisky is the ideal drink for all occasions*

WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., QUALITY ST. LEITH London Office: BATH HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

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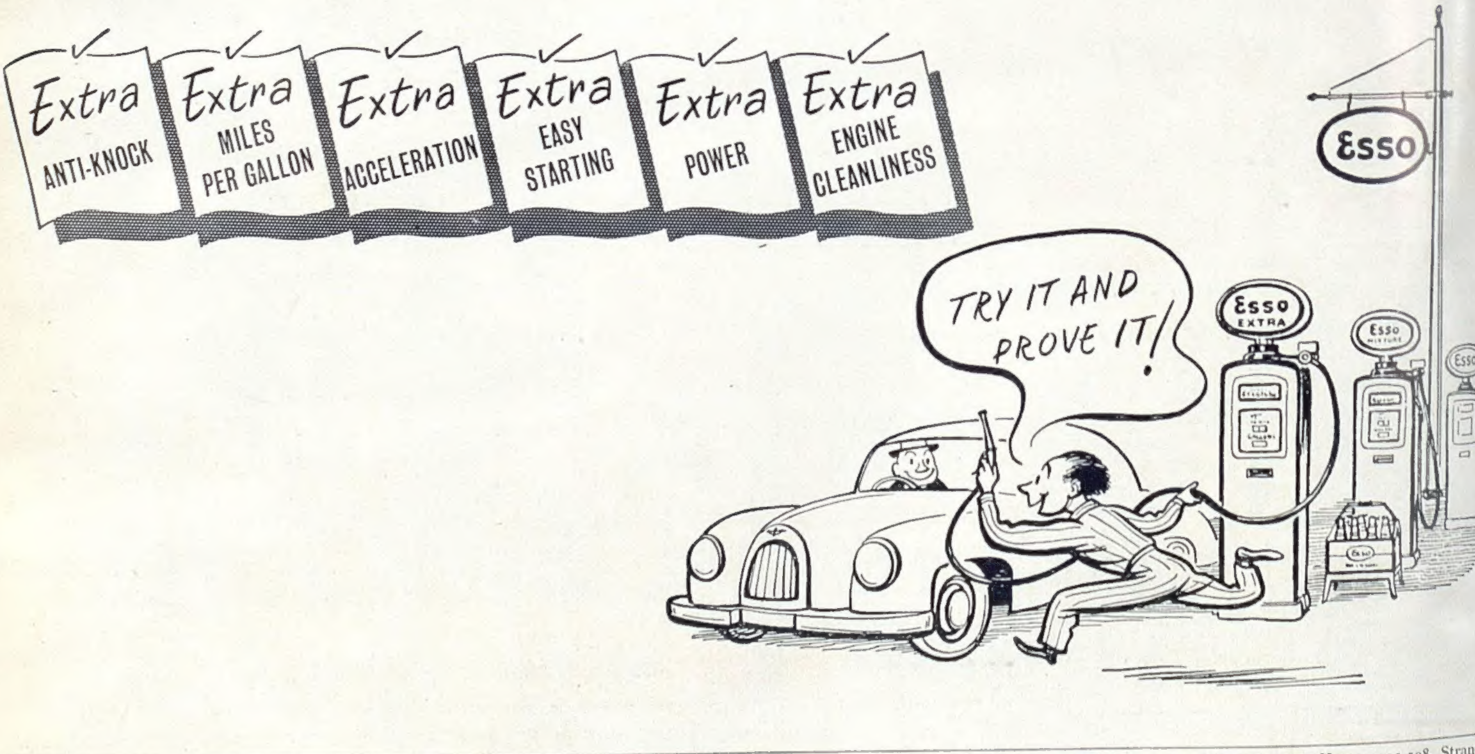
# ESSO EXTRA

**The great new petrol with SIX extras**





Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, February 11, 1953. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879. Postage Rates:—Inland 2d. Canada 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad 2½d.